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## CHRONICLE.

IN spite of the influenza, which has laid low many Members of Parliament, including the Leader of the Opposition and Mr. John Morley, the work during the week was not as slack as the attendance in the House of Commons. On Thursday, a certain factitious interest was aroused by the chance of a snap defeat of the Government in the division on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's motion, that Government business should have priority until Easter. But nothing particularly exciting occurred: a few dreary speeches were delivered; and the Government carried their motion by a sufficient majority of fifteen.

The appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson to be again Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa is in one sense no surprise. Rumour was busy, during Mr. Cecil Rhodes' recent visit to this country, with his alleged desire that it should be made. It was difficult then to believe that such a step could be seriously contemplated. Even now it is easier to suppose that the appointment is of an interim character, and that by the time the presence of a Governor becomes necessary at the Cape, a successor will have been agreed upon by the Colonial Office and Mr. Rhodes. If this surmise proves to be unfounded, the Government may prepare itself for a good deal of pertinent and weighty criticism. If there were no other objection, Sir Hercules Robinson's age would be alone sufficient. He is now in his seventy-first year, and retired upon the score of his age, after a long and very valuable career of service, no less than six years ago. If the duties devolving upon his dual position at Cape Town overtaxed his strength in 1889, it is absurd to imagine him coping successfully with them now, increased tenfold as they are. The facts that he occupies a prominent position in the Chartered Company, is chairman of the London Board of the De Beers Diamond Company, and is a director of the Standard Bank, cannot be described otherwise than as additional disqualifications for the post thrust upon him.

There could be no doubt about "the weakening of the resistance to bimetallicism," as the *Times* puts it, in the House of Commons on Tuesday. But the reason was not that assigned by our contemporary, the yielding of opposite convictions to weariness of the whole discussion. It was, in truth, the yielding which indicates the growth of a belief that bimetallicism is something else than a mere fad. Among the adherents of bimetallicism may now be reckoned some of the most distinguished among English statesmen and financiers. At the end of an excellent speech in support of Mr. Everett's motion, Mr. Chaplin declared that he had Mr. Balfour's authority to say that "if he had been able to be present he would have given his most cordial support to the motion of the honourable

member [Mr. Everett]." Mr. Goschen was significantly silent throughout the debate. In fact, to use Sir George Chesney's concise summary of the situation, "The persons who understand the subject are all bimetallicists, and, what is still more satisfactory, all the persons who do not understand it are coming round to the bimetallic theory."

Making due allowance for the difference between Sir William Harcourt and his young imperial namesake at Berlin, which is not entirely one of age, there is an interesting similarity in their methods of grappling with this great problem of bimetallicism. Each combats the idea valiantly by word of mouth, but avoids a parliamentary division by the thin device of sanctioning a proposal for an inquiry. After Tuesday evening's action by the Government, it is difficult to see upon what grounds England can refuse to accept the German invitation to a fresh International Monetary Conference. Indeed there seems no reason why anybody should ever object to these gentle and innocuous biennial gatherings. That they should continue to content the bimetallicists affords a pleasant suggestion of the trustful innocence still abiding in human nature.

It is not at all a comforting comment upon our existing systems of defence against disease that the fifth annual visit of the epidemic called "influenza" should find us still all at sea concerning alike the nature of the malady, the principles governing its diffusion, and the natural remedies against it. The present outbreak was spoken of earlier in the week as exhibiting a milder form of attack than on previous occasions. The experience of the past few days denies us even this solace. The deaths in London last week ascribed to influenza were 111, as against 140 or more in the worst week of 1893. It may be taken for granted that the record for the week now ended will rival, if not surpass, that of two years ago. In the matter of mortality from allied diseases of the respiratory organs, we are already at much the worst point touched for years, although the epidemic is barely a fortnight old. As in other years, commentators lay stress upon the supposed fact that brain-workers, and people of a highly nervous organization generally, are the chief sufferers. We doubt if this be really the case. The fact that each year the permanent officials in the General Post Office lead off in catching the influenza and in quitting work on account of it, is not, to say the least, strong affirmative evidence. It seems nearer the mark to say that people who habitually fidget about their state of health and are not under the stern compulsion of necessity to remain fit for work, furnish the majority of victims to influenza, as to every other epidemic that is advertised by the papers. That, however, does not lessen the gravity of the scourge, or minimize the reproach which its repeated triumphs cast upon what is described as medical science.

If old adages were infallible, it might be expected that when a violent quarrel broke out inside the great Whig family of Russell, some honest men would get their due. There seems, however, small prospect of any popular benefits accruing from the bout at verbal fisticuffs between Lord Ampthill and Mr. George W. E. Russell. The former finds himself described as a "pompous gentleman," and there is, perhaps, no better judge of the species in England than his assailant. But why Mr. George W. E. Russell should be branded, in retort, as "a traitor to the traditions of his family," is a question that fairly puzzles us. He has sat in Parliament for nearly eight years, and during six of these has held salaried office. This may not rise to the high-water mark of the tribal legend, but it assuredly does not merit so harsh a word as "traitor."

The palmy days of political economy will very soon be brought back upon us by the conflict between the Progressive municipal policy and the inveterate Protectionism of the British workman as regards his own trade. "Trade Union wages" vary from district to district, being usually highest in London. The Progressive practice is to insist on payment of the wage-rate of the district in which the work is done; and this tempts the Council to propitiate the ratepayer by getting the work done where rates are lower than in London. This does not touch the building trades, whose work must be done on the spot; but when it comes to adding a new sludge-boat to the fleet with which the Main Drainage Committee rules the waves, the men employed in the London shipbuilding trade—what there is left of it—take it very ill indeed that the work should be "let go out of London," which it generally is by the Council for the sake of keeping down expenditure. How appalling it is to think that the whole Free-Trade controversy will have soon to be fought over again from the twentieth-century point of view, although it has only just been settled, after a hundred years of wrangling, from the eighteenth-century point of view!

Whatever arguments may be used from a Welsh standpoint in favour of the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales, the Bill which Mr. Asquith introduced into the House of Commons on Monday will not advance the cause. The Bill is entirely condemned by the monstrous disendowment scheme contained in it.

Germany does well to make the formal opening of the great Baltic Ship Canal, next June, a ceremonial affair of the first magnitude. What with our preoccupation in the Manchester Canal at home, and the manifold British interests which centre about the Suez Canal abroad, Englishmen have paid very little attention to this new and supremely important waterway, which, it is already seen, must revolutionize the conditions of water-borne traffic in the Northern seas. When ships of the largest burthen can pass by a protected short-cut of sixty miles length from the North Sea to the Baltic, the ugliest as well as the oldest problem of North European navigation will have been solved. Incidentally it will destroy what little remains of Denmark's commercial importance. Copenhagen has endeavoured to forestall disaster by making itself into a free port, and spending large sums of money upon dock and harbour improvements, but we fear all in vain. It is incredible that any shipping will hereafter be sent into Danish waters, to round the tiresome Jutland peninsula, and brave the dangers of the treacherous passage of the Sound, which can take advantage of the shorter and entirely safe route across Holstein. Where the commercial supremacy of the Baltic will resettle itself, when once it quits Copenhagen, is not clear. Hamburg is very confident about its own succession to those rich honours. Ancient Lübeck is projecting an Elbe-Trave canal, by means of which she hopes to divert the increased traffic and wealth to herself. The Courland port of Libau has spent £250,000 in enlarging its facilities for the competition, and even St. Petersburg, which, with its new deep-water dock in the Neva, becomes a seaport this year for the first time, has visions of maritime greatness based on this novel rearrangement of trade currents. While these rival claims are as yet in the air, the advantages to British

shipping are tangible and immediate. Not least among these advantages may be counted the increased incentives to peace which the financial importance of keeping this great canal open will give to the German Empire.

The funeral of the Archduke Albert at Vienna stands unique in modern history. No one remembers any other instance of a prince, actually removed from the throne by twenty lives, being followed to the grave with royal and military honours which could hardly have been heightened for an Emperor. There was indeed quite as representative a gathering of great and high-born personages as was brought together by the burial of the late Tsar at St. Petersburg, or of the old Emperor at Berlin in 1888. The correspondents and the Continental press agree in investing this circumstance with weighty political significance, but they carefully abstain from mentioning exactly what it signifies.

At noon on Monday next the Fifty-third Congress of the United States will end its existence. Really, the event warrants an international celebration. It is no new thing for American citizens of all parties to find themselves grinning with joy around the death-bed of one of their Congresses; but it is not often that other nations have so clear a title to participate in the joy. This expiring Congress was elected in 1892, by the same tremendous "tidal wave" which lifted Mr. Cleveland again to the Presidency, and seemed at the time to have established the Democratic party in power for a generation at least. It has only taken two years to prove the prognostic untrue. Dispassionate observers are divided upon the question whether the Senate, with its controlling group of mercenaries, the avowed agents of corrupt trusts and speculators in commercial legislation, or the House of Representatives, with its warring factions of ignorant sectionalists and self-advertising demagogues, has best deserved the universal disgust amid which this Congress yields up the ghost. To Englishmen and investing European peoples generally the apportionment of blame is unimportant. What concerns us is that Congress, as a whole, alike by its sins of commission and of omission, has robbed us of many millions of money, through the wholesale depreciation of American securities, and the demoralization of American business, finance, and standards of honest dealing. It will be a long time before confidence in anything American is restored on this side of the water, and we find no obvious grounds for confidence that the new Republican Congress will be strikingly wiser or better than its predecessor.

It is supposed that the recently deposed Queen of the Hawaiian Islands is by this time on her way to the United States, or some other place of refuge, a banished exile from the land where her fathers were chieftains and kings. There seems some likelihood that the arbitrary measures of the men in control of affairs at Honolulu may invite interference from the two great English-speaking peoples who have warships in the harbour, but in no case is it suggested that native rule can ever be restored again. The gentle Kanakas have been done out of their freedom and their country as effectively as the Matabele were out of theirs.

The principle of the municipal control of the London water-supply received parliamentary sanction last week, when the second reading of the Lambeth Water (Transfer) Bill was carried by a majority of 38 in the House of Commons. Sir John Lubbock did not alarm us much with his £30,000,000 of expenditure and his rise in the rates of 4d. in the £. What are we paying for our water-supply now? Let us consider that there are now no less than eight Water Companies in London with eight different managements. The consequence of this is that management expenses have to be paid no less than eight times over, to say nothing of the friction and waste arising from competition. The crux of the whole matter lies in the terms of purchase, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out; but there can be doubt that, provided the London County Council are not inveigled into paying the Water Companies an exorbitant sum of money for buying them out, London ratepayers will have reason to be grateful to their County Council.



## TO-DAY'S WARFARE.

IT is impossible to glance along the lines of battle to-day at the County Council election without a grim tightening of the lips at the poor figure cut by the old parliamentary hands who have speculated with party credit on the result of the contest. They could hardly have proved less equal to the situation. The main fact they had to reckon with was that London, which is Conservative in parliamentary politics, is Progressive in municipal politics. Clearly it was the interest of the Liberals to identify the Progressives with the Liberal and the Moderates with the Conservative party, in order that London might be represented as converted to Liberalism. Equally clearly it was the interest of the Moderates to support this obvious move, with a view to claiming the votes of the London Conservative majority on party lines. And needless to add, Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. Keir Hardie, and their Independent Labour Party, eagerly took up the cry, in order to justify their little flank attack on the Progressives as being an attack on the Liberals—always a popular attack in the world of labour. The net being thus spread in sight of the bird, the Conservative leaders should have been particularly careful not to allow their followers to hop into it. It was perfectly easy to show that the County Council owes its very existence to the Conservative party; that the Unification report is mainly the work of so prominent a Unionist as Mr. Leonard Courtney, and has been received with approval by the Conservative papers which have the most serious pretensions to voice the political thought of their party; that the Progressives must owe their huge majority to Conservative and Unionist votes, since they hold so many constituencies in which no Liberal has a chance of success at a parliamentary election; and that the Progressive captains have all along had much more trouble with the Liberal Cabinet than with the House of Lords. Why, with all these advantages in hand, has so much countenance been given from the Conservative front bench to the attempt of the Liberal party to capture Progressivism for electioneering purposes? The answer is that men who have only won provincial seats are set to instruct men who have fought their way successfully through London elections, and that nothing is listened to at headquarters except the carelessness, the conceit, and the ludicrous belatedness of right honourable gentlemen who are as confident of the adequacy of the political equipment which was fashionable in the sixties as Colonel Newcome was of the dazzling effect of his quarter-century-old dress-coat. The men who know modern London have done what they could to keep the coach out of the ditch. Mr. Whitmore, the real Conservative organizer and authority for this election, protested against the association of such an unpopular and impracticable folly as "tenification" with the Conservative party, and went straight for Unification. Mr. Darling took care not to identify his Conservative majority at Deptford with the opposition there to that arch-Progressive, Mr. Sidney Webb. Sir Albert Rollit, whose astuteness is not likely to fail him on a matter in which the susceptibilities of South Islington have to be consulted, took care to vote last week against Sir John Lubbock's Moderate resolution in the House of Commons in defence of the doomed water companies; and it is greatly to be regretted that the whips were not intelligent enough to secure a good deal more cross voting on that occasion instead of allowing themselves to be trapped by the Moderates and Liberals into making a party division of it. But on the front bench the fatal old counsels have prevailed. Mr. Chamberlain at Stepney threw over Mr. Leonard Courtney and took exactly the anti-Unification line which Mr. Whitmore was trying to discredit as an invention of the Liberals for party purposes. Liberal Unionists like Messrs. Wallace Bruce, Francis Buxton, Alfred Hoare, and Richard Roberts, have been driven to publish, in terms which distinctly threaten the solidarity of the Unionist party, an appeal against such blundering tactics. A Conservatism in which there is no scope for progress, and indeed for a splendid revival of civic patriotism, must soon decay, as parliamentary Liberalism is decaying, into a mere futile, fretting, obsolescent sectarianism. The strength of Progressivism lies in its catholicity, which has already enabled it

to sweep aside the old gangs of Liberal wirepullers. It has wiped out all the intolerant sections, Socialist, Unionist, Liberal, or Conservative, with fateful ease, whilst it has shown an extraordinary power of absorbing and employing all available stores of public spirit and public ambition. Had the parliamentary leaders known what they were about, we should have had Mr. Darling running as the Progressive colleague of Mr. Webb at Deptford, Mr. Whitmore with Mr. Costelloe at Chelsea, and Sir Albert Rollit discounting in the same fashion the party capital which young Mr. Trevelyan is making at Lambeth. In every case the hardened party Liberals would have sulked out of local politics; the committee formed in their place would have been as much Conservative as Liberal; and they would have found it impossible to get back again when the parliamentary election came round. This may strike the front bench as a startlingly new style of play; but it has been the only winning style since the County Government Act and the last extension of the franchise put the ballot into the hands of an electorate whose constant growl is, "A plague on both your houses."

The upshot of the elections to-day is not very doubtful. It is impossible for the Progressives to sweep the board as they did three years ago; but they can afford to drop the ten seats which seem the utmost extent of their possible loss. The Empire business, which so many Moderates were insane enough to suppose would damage the Progressives at the polls, has made them the pets of the Nonconformist Conscience, which will go out with a gush to the appeals of Mrs. Ormiston Chant and Dr. Clifford. The ill-considered Moderate talk about Tammany has also served the Progressives excellently by enabling them to take Mr. Oscar Wilde's hint and wash their clean linen in public. The Works Department is popular with the working-men, especially with the powerful Building Trades Federation; and the ratepayer has been reconciled to it by the fact that the Committee, on the total of its transactions, is able to exhibit the difference between its bill for work done and the lowest tenders made by the contractors as a saving of £3,000. Of course this is largely fallacious because the contractors, having to tender on the quite unfamiliar basis of stringent conditions as to the observance of a "moral minimum" of fraternity with their workmen, overdid their allowance for the extra cost of socialistic virtue. The alarm felt by the Council at the magnitude of the estimates was perhaps not altogether unpalatable to the contractors; but its effect was that the Council did the work itself for, on the whole, much less than the contractors tendered for. The Moderates, instead of quietly explaining to the public that if the contractors had been invited to tender on the ordinary basis of competitive commerce, without restrictions as to wages, the lowest tender would certainly have been well beneath the bill paid out of the rates by the Works Department, ill-temperedly paraded one or two separate items on which the cost had exceeded the estimates, suppressed the cases which brought out a balance on the other side, and thus threw away a good argument for the sake of a shallow misrepresentation which was immediately exposed by the Progressives, who have in their ranks some of the most adroit figure-fighters in London.

The apparent advantage of the Works Department over the contractor, from the ratepayer's point of view, has been reinforced by the automatic jerry-mandering of the Equalization of Rates Act. Here again the Moderates let themselves be tempted to flatter the indignation excited by an enormous increase of rates in Westminster, Kensington, and the minority of rich constituencies in which Moderate candidates were already safe, instead of exposing the unreality of equalization in the large majority of places where the poor-rate has fallen or even vanished altogether. Take such extreme cases as Westminster, with a rise of ninepence in the pound, and St. George's in the East, which now receives a big cheque from the County Council instead of having to pay. The hardship to the Westminster ratepayer who has taken premises on lease for as much as he can afford to pay in rent, rates, and taxes, and who suddenly finds himself compelled to pay a good deal more by an unforeseen change in the system of rating, is obvious

enough. He needs no speeches and pamphlets to call his attention to his grievance. The man who does need instruction is the ratepayer in St. George's, who fondly imagines that the Westminster ratepayer's loss is his gain. As a matter of fact, he will presently find his rent raised by the full amount of the relief to his rating bill. His landlord knows how much he will pay sooner than leave the premises: in other words, how much the house is worth to him; and if the ratepayer does not collect any portion of this sum, the landlord will. That this is a matter of familiar fact as well as of classic economic theory is feelingly known to the vast population of dwellers in flats, lodgings, and tenements, who certainly do not find themselves any the richer because the landlord pays the rates at first hand instead of through the occupier. All that equalization has done, therefore, is to set a certain number of leaseholders in one part of London paying more than their premises are worth, and in another part paying less. The only permanent effect will be to enrich a great mass of comparatively small owners in the poorer districts, the most rapacious and least public-spirited of their class, at the expense of the holders of great estates. The difference to the rate-paying occupier in Bethnal Green, who has been so dazzled by the supposed benefits and the poetic justice of equalization will be exactly nothing. Would it not have been cleverer to explain this frankly than to circulate leaflets about increased rates in districts where the rates had actually fallen?

On the whole, the Moderates have played their hand badly; and the Progressives will deserve their victory. If any Conservative accepts that victory as a defeat for his party, or fails to draw attention to every case known to him in which a Conservative votes Progressive, he will prove himself an exceedingly short-sighted politician.

#### OUR LACK OF SUCCESS IN EGYPT.

IT may be supposed that at some time or other during the past ten years, most intelligent Englishmen have put to themselves the question: Why on earth are we in Egypt? No doubt, for the great majority of minds, moved idly to this random inquiry, a sufficient if superficial answer has been found. England must alone fulfil the task, which others deserted, of restoring order among the Egyptians and protecting them from themselves; England must remain in power on the Nile until Egyptian finance has been set straight, and the natives are educated up to self-government—and so on *ad infinitum*. These stock explanations are familiar enough. Varied as they are, each has for its basis the understanding that the English occupation of Egypt involves a real sacrifice of some sort, and has been undertaken, and is being maintained, for purposes quite different from those which explain the presence of the British flag, for instance, at Hong-Kong, or Mandalay, or Buluwayo. It is true that across the English Channel, and indeed among other nations generally, this view of our intentions toward Egypt is not largely shared. Our neighbours and critics have never fallen into the way of regarding disinterestedness as our national foible. They are especially sceptical concerning the altruistic character of our mission in Egypt. Yet it is a fact that those among ourselves who know the question most thoroughly, hardly realize to what lengths we have gone to keep self-interest at arms' length in Egypt, and to avoid even the least suspicion of turning our occupation to profit.

Frankly speaking, it is this which lies at the root of our chronic difficulty in Egypt. Our going there, in the first place, was made a needlessly complicated business. We talked far too much—it was our weakness in 1882—about the ideals and limitations of our mission, and drew up for ourselves, quite gratuitously, a long and highly quixotic programme of procedure. Other nations, in moments of wanton garrulity, have done much the same thing; we seem to remember that even France volunteered at the time almost similar professions and guarantees about Tunis. But other nations have a trick of forgetting these excesses of verbosity. Our own memory in such matters has not always been uniformly clear. On the subject of Egypt, however, we

have not only kept fresh in mind the letter of our pledges in all its *minutiae*, but we have accumulated for ourselves all manner of recurring embarrassments and difficulties by insisting, almost to the point of perversity, on realizing their spirit as well. To use a Transatlantic figure, we have walked so erect that we have bent backward.

We are to leave Egypt as soon as, in our candid judgment, we can do so with safety to the well-established native government to be left behind us, and to the interests of the country itself and of other countries concerned in its welfare and order. To that we are bound in honour, and quite as much in self-interest. Both considerations urge us, as well, to shorten this period as much as we can. But that is what we have gone the wrong way to do. At the present moment we seem further removed from the prospect of a satisfactory relinquishment of our task than we were eight years ago. The explanation is to be found in the tempering and half-hearted manner in which we have fingered the nettle, instead of grasping it. Having an unaccustomed rôle to play, we have performed it, not quite like Englishmen, not at all like anybody else. As a result, the longer the performance lasts the less likelihood there seems of its coming to an end.

Above all things, we should have taken the administration of justice firmly in hand. It is, no doubt, a fine thing that the value of the Egyptian bondholders' securities should have been more than doubled, and that the 4 per cent Unified Debt should be quoted at 103 instead of 52. But it would have been a much more valuable achievement to have taught the 40,000 Levantines and the practically equal number of adventurers from the northern side of the Mediterranean, to say nothing of the native population, that there was such a thing as law in Egypt. The initiatory business represented here by the law officers of the Crown is in Egypt in the hands of a committee, called in local parlance "les Contentieux." There are three Corsicans in this body, and some Frenchmen and Syrians, but no Englishman. On the Mixed Tribunal at Cairo, the Court of First Instance, there is one German and one American, with a number of native and other colleagues, but there is no Englishman. Of the twenty members of the Mixed Court of Appeal, seventeen are Frenchmen, Egyptians, and Levantines; of the remaining three, one is a German, one an American, and one an Englishman. The result is that, so far as commercial law and the administration of justice generally in all save criminal cases are concerned, Egypt to-day is hardly better off than she was in Ismail's time. The intrigue and corruption, which are an essential part of business as Orientals understand it, flourish in Cairo and Alexandria as successfully as ever they did. No English merchants or manufacturers have gone out to establish themselves there, or if they have, they have returned with bitter tales to tell of their experience. Only a month or two ago the case was reported of a luckless English contractor who had obtained a Government concession to build tramways in Cairo. Upon the flimsiest pretext his contract was annulled after he had brought out his plant and begun operations, and his deposit-money confiscated. Although he produced the warrant of the English Under-Secretary of Public Works for what he had done, the Courts we have described threw it aside as waste paper, and the Englishman retired with a loss of £20,000, only to see the contract transferred to a firm nominally Belgian, but really controlled by Frenchmen who are conspicuous in the anti-English party in Cairo.

Examples of the evil thus wrought might be multiplied with ease. We occupy, in truth, a position in Egypt which defeats its own ends. All the responsibility, worry and cost, and all the odium of failure, are ours. All the profit arising from the disorganization and misgovernment, which we are too timid or too fastidious to prevent, goes to other people, who repay us by tireless hostility and opposition. No one wishes to prolong the English occupation in Egypt. But so long as we do remain there, we owe it to our reputation for good sense, if nothing else, to protect our own citizens, and make our control effectual in the country whose affairs we profess to administer.



## THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.

M<sup>R</sup>. ACLAND deserves the warmest approval for the admirable tone and tendency of the new Education Code for 1895. Payment by results had already gone, and now in place of the formal annual inspection the inspector may substitute visits without notice, a principle introduced last year in the case of infant schools, but in the new Code for the first time applied to schools for older children. The object of popular elementary education should be to stimulate into active growth and development the minds of the children, and this the old system was little calculated to do. No doubt it is more easy to apply the hard-and-fast test of examination, or even of formal inspection; but if the officials are really competent, if, that is, they are not only possessed of knowledge and experience, but of sympathy, with humane and sufficiently broad conceptions of what constitutes education, unexpected visits will give them the requisite opportunities for estimating the state of instruction and discipline in a school, and indicating the right direction for progress and the best means for improvement.

The recognition of Cottage Gardening as a subject of instruction for boys, as cookery, laundry, and dairy-work are recognized for girls (though why girls should not learn cottage gardening is not immediately apparent), is one of many indications of the practical usefulness which is becoming more and more the drift of modern elementary education. If our peasants are ever to learn the secret of the *petite culture* of the Continent it must be through the elementary education of the rising generation. It might be possible in the future to add to cottage gardening such subjects as poultry-rearing and bee-keeping. It is on such home industries that the prosperity of the agricultural labourer must largely depend, and without instruction not one in a hundred can hope for success and few will probably make the attempt at all.

Another excellent feature of the new Code is the provision to allow visits to museums and art galleries during school-hours to count as attendance at school; and to this might be added, we think with advantage, provision for field-classes in botany and geology, conducted by the teachers, at all events in schools in the country where visits to museums and art galleries are out of the question. The recognition of Object Lessons and Suitable Occupations as class subjects is another step in the right direction. The solicitude, not only for the comfort of the children and the sanitary faultlessness of the school-buildings, but even for the proper provision of playgrounds, noticeable in the Code, brings forcibly before those of us whose childhood is past, the complete change, not only in the estimate of what constitutes education, but also in the point of view from which the elder generation regards child-life, no longer the point of view of the pedagogue, but the point of view of the sympathetic friend, who sees in the classes and playgrounds the making of the England of to-morrow going on.

## ANOTHER BOER TREK.

THE old Trek-fever—Trek-geest, the Boers call it—of the South African Dutch farmer is, it seems, not yet quenched. Nor, so far as we can see, is it likely to be quenched for many a year to come. Quite lately the spirit of unrest has kindled again with renewed life, and from many parts of South Africa the Boers are gathering their waggons, setting their few affairs in order, and preparing to hie them to a new land of promise. For two hundred years and more have these modern Israelites been wandering in the wilderness; he would be a bold man who should foretell that even within another hundred years their northward journeyings will be completely ended. They have peopled the Transvaal and Orange Free State; they are peopling slowly Namaqualand, Damaraland, Bechuanaland, and Mashonaland, nay even the Kalahari—that so-called desert—itself. Some of them, survivors of the terrible trek of 1877-1882, have penetrated to the West Coast, and, beyond the far Cunene River, west of Mossamedes, are living—farming, hunting, and fighting—under Portuguese government. Only last year some Boers were dis-

patched by sea to East Africa, to ascertain if there were not there some new and utterly unsettled land, whither restless and discontented farmers from the south might trek and settle; and where, free from taxes, and from the incursions of Britishers, gold-diggers, and other perturbers of the pastoralist, they might live the old life of their forefathers in a country where game is plentiful, and natives can be managed in the ancient fashion. It is a picturesque and most interesting survival this trekking life of the South African Boer, and there are scores, nay hundreds, of families who have been so long at it, that it has become a part of their very existence. They may settle down for years, perhaps even for a generation, and then a few more neighbours will gather around them, the tax-gatherer's visitations become too regular, their acres grow too narrow for them, the game will vanish, and off they will set upon their travels again.

How often have these Dutch farmers trekked for their promised land, and how far. Their bones, and their wives' and children's, truly enough, litter the soil in every corner of vast Africa; and still they must be moving afield for more tempting pastures and more elbow room. There are, of course, great numbers of Dutch farmers quietly settled in the Cape Colony, the Free State, and Transvaal, who remain firmly rooted to the soil upon which they made their home generations ago. The Boer, indeed, with certain British and German exceptions in the eastern province of Cape Colony, and in Natal, is the only true colonizer of South Africa. Nowadays it seems that the young Englishman cannot settle down as of old upon some lone farm in the veldt, and live out his quiet life there. He goes to the diamond-fields, or the gold-fields; he will prospect and hunt, and live the hardest and roughest life imaginable; he will run an up-country store or canteen, or volunteer for a native war; but he will *not* settle upon the land as the Dutchman does, with the firm intention of ending his days there. He craves excitement and movement, and he has always within him the hope of going home to England with his "pile," and making his end in the old country. And so, as may at this moment be seen in Cape Colony, the Boer, who sticks to South Africa, retains the preponderance in voting power, and carries his measures in the Cape Parliament, and is difficult to move in his own republics beyond the Orange River. Who are colonizing British Bechuanaland, a Crown Colony?—the Boers from the Free State and Transvaal. Who are colonizing the Southern Kalahari and Gordinia?—the Boers from Cape Colony, who are continually trekking across the Orange River. Who will ultimately colonize and farm Matabeleland and Mashonaland?—again the Boers of South Africa. Mr. Rhodes has long since recognized this great if sluggish factor in Cape politics, and has played his cards accordingly. Are not Mr. Hofmeyr and Mr. de Waal, two well-known Dutch Afrikaner leaders, his warm friends and coadjutors? It is a thousand pities that British farmers in South Africa are, and seem likely to be, in so great a minority. Many who know say that the Cape is a hard land for the farmer and pastoralist, and that the Dutchman, with his dogged pluck, and slow cumbrous ways, and lack of imagination and refinement, is the only possible man for it. This is too wide a statement. There are in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony and in Natal many prosperous farmers of British blood, and many most comfortable British homesteads. But, although he clings tooth and nail to some part of his beloved "Zud Africa," for he has an immense land-hunger, the Boer will on occasion quit localities where he and his have stood for fifty or a hundred years. The Great Trek of 1836, when hundreds of Dutch farmers left the old colony and went north into the wilds, is a case in point. And, even at the present day, as their runs become impoverished, or their flocks too numerous, the old settled farmers in the Cape and Free State sell their land for what it will fetch, and with their waggons, flocks, and families, trek for a new country. In the Transvaal, where the farmers are much more wandering and unsettled, this is constantly going on.

Just now there is throughout South Africa a curious resuscitation of the old trekking spirit. Transvaal Boers are still slowly creeping into Portuguese West

Africa; twenty-one fresh waggons and families arrived there last year, having travelled 1400 miles north-west from Bechuanaland. They will probably be soon filtering into Katanga; they are talking about East Central Africa. Who shall say that in fifty years' time Boer waggons shall not have reached the Nile sources? That was a very old dream of theirs, but then they imagined that the Nile lay somewhere just north of the Transvaal border. The latest trek has for its object the country round Lake N'gami. This is not a promising region; fifteen or more years ago a great trek from the Transvaal met with dreadful disasters in that country, from thirst, fever, and other privations. There have been meetings in Cape Colonial towns and villages, and in other parts of South Africa; the Chartered Company's officials have been consulted; and it seems the trek is to go. Farmers from the Old Colony, the Transvaal, and Orange Free State, are joining in numbers, and the "Trek-geest" seems once more fairly aflame. These N'gami trekkers have been warned by Mr. Moffat, the British Resident in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, that the country is not fitted for settlement, but the farmers and their organizers seem very determined. Again, although there is talk of a land concession in N'gamiland, which the Chartered Company is offering to the trekkers, it is to be remembered that N'gamiland is not part of the Company's property. It lies within the Imperial Protectorate, there are independent native chiefs there, and there is likely to be some trouble between natives and Boers. It is a little difficult to see why these trekkers could not be accommodated in Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Perhaps they and their "geest" are a little too masterful or too turbulent for Mr. Rhodes' ideas?

#### WINTER IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

##### I.

THE distinguishing characteristics of the west-country winters are mildness and moisture, and up to Christmas the present season was certainly no exception. In December the temperature was that of May or early June, and plants and birds were inclined to mistake the one month for the other. In southward-facing gardens ripe strawberries were gathered shortly before Christmas; in sheltered woods in the combs the fruit of the wild strawberry, ripe or nearly ripe, was to be found, while the flowers and immature berries were frequent on the high banks of the lanes. The tea-roses were in bloom against the cottage-walls, the red rose in the gardens; petunias in the flower-beds had run to leaf, diversified with the brightness of an occasional blossom; against the garden-walls heliotropes flourished and flowered, their delicate leaves unblackened by any frost; and the myrtle and the sweet verberna's scented foliage were fresh as at midsummer. In the borders the long white trumpets of the tobacco-plant opened from the bud; while in the hedges the honeysuckle put forth its sage-green leaves, and even ventured to brighten them with sprays of pale and faintly perfumed blossom. The woodpigeons had raised a second brood, and as for the squirrels, they made merry all day long on the beechmast scattered over the fiery carpet of leaves under the not yet completely naked trees. Adders, too, were occasionally to be met on the woodpaths, active and strong. By them, as by the squirrels, the usual torpor of their winter's sleep was unfelt.

Suddenly in a single night all was changed. The white magic of the hoar-frost touched the gardens and woodlands. The last leaves fluttered down. The heliotrope blackened, the myrtle shrivelled up, the squirrels disappeared for their long sleep. The moisture of the mists, drawn up by the clear sunshine from the damp valley bottoms, had hung dripping from the black and leafless branches of the woods, and the strengthening spell of the frost transformed them in a night into the delicatest white foliage. At night one saw the moon rise behind the clear black outlines of the branches traced, as if by Indian ink, against a cloudless sky, and the sun next morning looked out on a fairy scene. The bare woods were all thick with foliage, with foliage of dazzling white; every branch and twig clothed with the frost frondescence, and the whole woodland one mist of

white leafage, thus answering the cold touch of winter, as the April wood answers with a mist of green the warm touch of spring. The dense clouds of dazzling white foliage clothed the branching oaks and slim mazzards of the wood, and gathered round the mossy canopy of leafless boughs in the apple orchards. The hawthorn and wild-rose hedges, too, were all in white leaf, and the bareness of winter was succeeded by a pure white leaf-birth more wonderful and scarcely less beautiful than the green leaf-birth of spring.

This April of the frost was brief. A warm air breathed on it and like a vision of dreamland it passed away. Then over the clear sky moved up the heavy, leaden-coloured clouds, the vanguard of the snow. A cold wind drove them before it, and the volleying whiteness struck the earth not in soft heavy flakes but in the finest needles or crystals of snow. Like to but denser than floating wheat-dust in a mill the snow filled the air and shut out the view as effectually with its pure white as a London fog can with its foul yellow. The fine-needled blinding drizzle of the storm drifted like desert-sand before the sudden gusts, and filled the hollows of the roads and lanes and the slopes of the valleys. The hissing of the dry snow-dust as it was swept before the gusts resembled nothing so much as the sound of the Simoon on the sands of the Sahara. All living things sought shelter of hedge or wood or wall. Not even a bird was to be seen. The blinding snow-smoke blown up in puffs before the blizzard's breath obscured the sight and choked the frosty air.

When the storm abated next morning one looked out on a white world. The branches of the trees were heavy with snow, but the effect was unlike that of the frost, for the underside of each branch showed black, while the upper side alone was moulded over with purest alabaster of snow. The chilling effect of the first faint light recalled Marston's speaking epithet the "shuddering morn," but as the day advanced the observant eye could, in the language of the book of Job, enter into the treasures of the snow. Bounding the view against the whiteness of the hillsides the black pencilling of the hedgerow branches showed distinct, while near at hand the snow had given a beauty of its own to shrubs and forest trees. The white treasure of the air was lavishly moulded in the spiny cups of holly foliage and on the long drooping leaves of the laurel and the rhododendron. The dark layers of the silver-fir and spruce were bending under their white burden. The red masts of the Scotch-fir and the stiff grey-green frondage stood out in distinct relief against the white world around. Almost smothered under the feathery coverlet of snow the laurestinus held up here and there its corymbs of unopened buds. The velvet moss on the cinnamon-hued trunks and great branches of the sycamore, torn here and there by the bills of woodpecker and tree-creeper, gave a touch of chrysoprase colour amid the universal whiteness. On the slopes of the combs the ermine of their wintry mantle was gemmed with darkest emerald here and there, where, not yet prisoned by the frost, a living spring broke through.

The storm was over, but at intervals the dull sky dissolved in starry snowflakes that lightly fluttered down slow as feathers on a windless day. Deep white banks enclosed and overhung the black river serpentine between. Going out for a walk, one was struck by the purity of even the roads and lanes: everywhere the soft feathery whiteness of those visitants of the sky, the six-rayed stars which we call snowflakes, had hidden away the stains and soilure of earth, and when the sun emerged from the grey muffling of the snow-clouds or lifted the curtains of the frost-fog a white radiance, if not of new heavens at least of a new earth, spellbound the eye.

A night of hard frost coming after the snowstorm brought a cloudless day. The sunlight came slanting down the snowy hillsides, and, striking the facets of the snow crystals at different angles, was reflected in many-coloured light. The flashings of pale blue, which predominated, of pale green, of rosy radiance, made all the hillside seem ablaze with precious stones, as though it had rained diamonds and sapphires, emeralds and rubies, in the night.



## THE ADDER CONTROVERSY.

IT looks as if the reading public of these realms is never to be without the mild excitement of a serpent question. No sooner is one thrust into oblivion (for a time) than another springs up. Within the last twelve to eighteen months, we have had, without including the autumnal sea-serpent and such inventions: (1) The ancient notion, with modern instances, of the serpent's revengeful spirit, which causes it to pursue and kill the slayer of its mate; (2) the old serpent and child fable—a story not wholly fabulous that Mary Lamb put into rhyme so long ago; (3) serpent cannibalism, intentional or accidental, with reference to "a recent incident at the Zoo"; and, finally, we have just now (4) a recrudescence of the old controversy about the adder swallowing its young, not like that worst cannibal and monstrous mother, the *fer-de-lance*, to digest, but to safeguard them.

For some weeks past the *Field* has been printing letters and, as we shall see, giving its own divided opinion on this subject. But it cannot be said that we are getting "no forrader," since we find in its columns (Feb. 16) a long communication from Mr. J. E. Harting, in which that well-known naturalist, whilst omitting to state that he was formerly one of the scoffers, ingenuously confesses that he is a believer in the fact, and advances reasons for his belief. He speaks of the various ways in which animals protect their young; but the poor serpent has a smooth, limbless body, no wings to cover its wriggling brood; no beak and claws; no pouch like the marsupial—no anything! What wonder that she opens wide her jaws to receive her defenceless little ones into her own body? This argument had better been omitted, since it is inconclusive and easy to ridicule. The facts are unshakeable, and those who care to seek will find them in great abundance. If all the sharp-sighted intelligent men who affirm that they have seen the female viper swallow its young, have seen falsely, or are not to be credited because of the strangeness of the facts, who is to believe that the female cuckoo carries her egg about in her bill until she finds a nest in which to deposit it, and that the young cuckoo gets his foster brothers on his back and jerks them out of the nest? for these facts are equally strange and have had fewer witnesses. To any person with even a slight acquaintance with the literature of the subject this correspondence in the *Field* must seem somewhat musty and out of date. The letters remind one of those that appeared on the subject in the natural history journals in the thirties, forties, fifties, and sixties. The writers might all have gone to sleep half a century ago, to wake again in March, 1895, and resume the discussion just where they had dropped it. They know nothing about the American snakes; yet it is a fact that since Palisot de Beauvais' discovery that the *crotalus horridus* had the same habit as our adder, a great deal of evidence has accumulated which shows that the habit is common to several American species. Stranger still, not a word is said about our common viviparous lizard, which swallows its young to protect them, a fact fully established a quarter of a century ago.

Some of the letters are amusing. Thus, one gentleman writes that he has been investigating this subject for the last forty years in order to find out the truth, and is now inclined to think that those who affirm that they have seen young adders take refuge in their parents' body, have been deluded into that belief by the wriggling vermiform tongue, which, when successively outthrust and withdrawn, has the appearance of a procession of young vipers rushing down an old viper's throat! He also says that until an adder in captivity has been seen to swallow its young, and the swallowed young to come out of her mouth again, he must decline to believe in so strange a habit. He has not sought the truth very diligently. Seven years ago the *American Naturalist* gave an account of observations on two crotaline vipers that brought forth their young in captivity. "From their birth," we read, "they were accustomed to enter freely into their mother's mouth, sometimes two or three would be missing at once, sometimes one would be seen coming out and another going in. Occasionally one might be seen with its head sticking out of the corner of its mother's mouth like a cigar, while in the

other corner would be another head or possibly tail. . . . The mother would sometimes lay her lower jaw on the floor, raise her upper jaw, and with it her entire backbone, thus adjusting herself for them to play in and out. . . . When about a month old they sloughed their skins, and after that were never observed to enter the mother's mouth."

Most amusing of all the communications is that from Mr. Tegetmeier, conceived in the fine old crusted spirit of dogmatism once considered proper to the naturalist. For the *Field* is divided against itself. That "our" Mr. Harting should have abandoned the time-honoured traditions of the journal, never to believe without seeing, has put him into a state of almost brilliant indignation, and as for what Sir Thomas Browne and other old writers have said, he protests that one might just as well believe that the toad wears a precious jewel in its head because Shakespeare says it does.

In citing old authors Mr. Harting is disappointing: the passages to which he makes allusion are all familiar; and one is accustomed to expect discoveries from him when he searches among the writers of the past. Edmund Spenser is the oldest he mentions, but without quoting the poet's lines, which are these:

"his glistering armour made  
A little glooming light . . .  
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,  
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,  
But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine,  
Most loathsome, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdain."

" . . . Of her there bred  
A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed  
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one  
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:  
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone."

Whether or not the poet had the adder's most beautiful and pathetic maternal instinct in his mind when he put the finishing touch on his picture, it is impossible to say: the creations of fancy have sometimes their counterparts in nature. But there is no doubt in the case of another Elizabethan writer, whose work is earlier by a few years than the "*Faerie Queen*"—William Harrison's famous "*Description of Britaine*." The author says: "I did see an adder once myself that lay (as I thought) sleeping on a mole-hill out of whose mouth came eleven young adders. . . . So soon, therefore, as they saw my face they ran into the mouth of their dam, whom I killed, and then found each of them shrouded in a distinct cell or pannicle in the belly."

Further back than this (1587) we cannot go at present. It is weary seeking in many haystacks for a needle which was perhaps never dropped; but if any reader of this paper should be acquainted with a work earlier than Harrison's, in which the adder's habit is mentioned, he will earn the thanks of all naturalists by making it known. It is simply incredible that this habit, which is well known to every peasant in the localities where adders are found, was not discovered until the sixteenth century. In Pliny we only find the fantastic notion concerning the generation of the viper, which he took from Herodotus. We can imagine the joyful alacrity with which the busy fat old Roman would have introduced the tale of an adder swallowing its young into his *olla podrida* of strange facts and fables, if he had heard it. But between Roman Pliny and England's Harrison there lies a desert track of nearly fifteen centuries, where possibly the really diligent seeker after truth might find something.

## THE CRY FOR HOME WORK.

THE adversaries of every industrial reform which tends indirectly to limit home work, urge the irregularity of demand in many trades, as unanswerable proof that a corresponding body of irregular labour is indispensable. It is impossible, they argue, for employers to regulate their staff, much less the size of their buildings, with sufficient exactitude to enable them to cope with the sudden and often unforeseen "rushes" to which their business is liable.

It is a fact that trades which are largely sustained by home labour are excessively irregular. In the cheap boot and clothing, and other so-called "season" trades,

the workers are idle for days, weeks, and even months together, and the demand, when it comes, is so fierce that to supply it they toil for long hours, often night and day. Orders are received one day to be returned by the following morning. Those working up to 2 A.M. have been found at their task again at 9 A.M. of the same day.

But the cause of all this inconsiderate oppression lies, less in any intrinsic peculiarity of the trades concerned, than in the ever-ready flow of unregulated labour. Before the passing of the Factory Acts it existed to the same extent in the textile trades. The impossibility of controlling orders was hotly insisted upon by manufacturers, who prophesied ruin and clamoured piteously for overtime; but to-day we find buyers, wholesale and retail, resigned to the inevitable, planning and preparing months beforehand for their consignments.

Evidence was given by masters before the Labour Commission to the effect that the excessive pressure put upon home workers is avoidable, and that, if all employers were bound by the same restrictions, it could be obviated by arrangement and foresight. Among women workers it is not infrequently aggravated by the caprice or spite of foremen.

A member of the Women's Defence Association, who cannot deny that excessive hours are worked by a vast number of women, announced recently, in the tone of one who had made a discovery, that those who work in this way do so "because they are necessitous." No one disputes this; we may take it as a broad rule that the mass of women who work at home *are* necessitous, and that those skilled workers, doing well-paid work in decent homes, at reasonable hours, and with whom no one proposes to interfere, do not form the main body. A woman slaves for twelve hours a day, at 1½d. or 2d. an hour, in addition to household duties, making sixteen or seventeen hours in all, because, being in want of the necessities of life, she is at once drawn into the toils of a taskmaster, who plays off her weakness and isolation against a neighbour as forlorn and helpless as herself. Before the days of factory legislation the hours worked by both women and children were terrible, and so they always will be, wherever women are left "free" to sell their labour against one another.

The stupendous industries of the present day cannot be carried on piecemeal, without curtailing waste of health, time, and money. It is difficult to persuade the poor of the value of method, and yet many a one could testify to the strain and wear and tear of working in a close atmosphere and crowded space, in the midst of cross tiresome children, leaving off constantly to mind a fretful baby, losing half a day in fetching and returning work, and having to stand, often in a cold windy entry, for three or four hours to get it examined.

The failure of attempts to induce women to make use of Outworkers Parochial Rooms, warmed and lighted and unencumbered by the surroundings of a crowded home, has been quoted as conclusive of the dislike felt to outwork. We acknowledge it is the success of such schemes that would surprise us. They comprise all the drawbacks of factory life with few of its advantages. The worker must leave home and provide for the care-taking of children, but wages remain as low as before, and there is no safeguard against the pressure of an unscrupulous employer, no guarantee that after working for ten hours in the public room, it may not be compulsory to add another three or four at home, if a job is to be handed in up to time.

The mass of evidence on the grinding lowness of the home-workers' wages and their tendency to fall ever lower is overwhelming and unassailable. Those who seek to add comforts rather than absolute necessities to the family exchequer can indeed afford to choose their time and make better terms, but the great mass of women, married or single, have no choice; want stares them in the face. If they can earn 4s. or 5s. a week by toiling twelve hours a day, they are glad to do it; the sweater has plenty of suppliants for his work, and the price can be forced down at last to that point at which a woman refused to finish trousers for ½d. a pair, with two hours work in each pair, on the ground that it was easier to starve without the work.

When we come to deal with the conditions of the home which is half a workshop, the matter fortunately admits of proof—not such proof as can be gathered

from desultory inquiries, but that afforded by the broad difference observable between homes which are kept free from work and those which are sacrificed to it. Wherever home work has been replaced by factory work we find a higher standard of comfort. Compare the homes in the Lancashire or Yorkshire factory villages, or those occupied by the employees of the Army Clothing Factory, with those in which the sweated industries are carried on.

In the former we find good furniture, good food, books, some attempt at beauty—in short, it is a home. In the wretched room or two rooms of the tailoress or the boot-closer, all the trade refuse, the smell of cloth and leather and sour paste, the heat of coke fires and pressing irons, are added to the smell and litter of ill-kept family life. Pride in, or respect for, the home cannot exist, and amid such surroundings, with no object to produce anything better than slop work, we need not marvel that the lowest depth of inefficiency is reached.

And the cheapness is only in appearance, for home work is not cheap. As a rule, outdoor work is irresponsible and very bad, and the employer can only reckon on a profit by cutting down pay to vanishing point, by saving capital, firing, and light at the expense of his employees, and by getting work done at any hours he chooses to appoint. Even so, not only humanitarians, but hard-headed men of business are realizing more clearly every day that organized labour is the cheapest in the long run.

If the careful enforcement of sanitary laws were not under present conditions a visionary remedy, there is little doubt that most domestic workshops would soon, to quote Mr. Asquith's words, be "inspected and improved out of existence." Technical classes for girls are admirable things, but we cannot look either to these or to clubs for adult women opened by West End ladies, to produce any widespread change in a state of things which even the warmest defender of the traditional poor widow and the mother working by her baby's cradle, admits to be far from perfect.

Industrial legislation must still fight its way, as it has done in the past, against all who consistently oppose it in every form, and who do not bring forward one argument to-day which was not marshalled at every step against the Factory Laws.

The arguments may be excellent; so were many of those adduced in defence of slavery. The point is that we are concerned with a system which, worked out to its logical conclusion, imposes a burden upon human beings which flesh and blood cannot support.

#### THE LATE CENSOR.

MR. E. F. SMYTH PIGOTT, for twenty years examiner of stage plays to the Lord Chamberlain's department, has joined the majority. It is a great pity that the Censorship cannot be abolished before the appointment of a successor to Mr. Pigott creates a fresh vested interest in one of the most mischievous of our institutions.

The justification of the Censorship is to be found in the assumption, repeatedly and explicitly advanced by the late holder of the office, that, if the stage were freed, managers would immediately produce licentious plays; actresses would leave off clothing themselves decently; and the public would sit nightly wallowing in the obscenity which the Censor now sternly withholds from them. This assumption evidently involves the further one, that the Examiner of Plays is so much better than his neighbours, as to be untainted by their assumed love of filth. This is where the theory of the Censorship breaks down in practice. The Lord Chamberlain's reader is not selected by examination either in literature or morals. His emoluments, estimated at about £800 a year, will fetch nothing more in the market than well connected mediocrity. Therefore it is necessary to give him absolute power, so that there may be no appeal from his blunders. If he vetoes serious plays and licenses nasty ones, which is exactly what the late Mr. Pigott did, there is no remedy. He is the Tsar of the theatres, able to do things that no prime minister dare do. And he has the great advantage that in ninety-eight out of every hundred plays submitted to him (this is an official esti-



mate), no question of morals is raised. He has nothing to do but read the play, pocket his two guineas, license the performance, and leave the manager and the author under the impression that he is a very agreeable, unobjectionable person, whose licence is cheap at the price since it relieves every one of responsibility and makes things pleasant all round. It is not until the two per cent of plays in which received opinions and hardened prejudices are called in question, and offered for testing under the searching rays of the footlights—in other words, the plays on which the whole growth and continued vitality of the theatre depend—that the Censor has his opportunity of showing how much better he is than the public by saying, "You should listen to these plays, however much they may shock you. I have read them, and can certify that they will interest really cultivated people and help to set everybody thinking." But as the Censor never is any better than the average public, he does exactly the reverse of this. He shares its ignorant intolerance and its petulance under criticism, and uses his official authority to forbid the performance of the exceptional plays. The late Mr. Pigott is declared on all hands to have been the best reader of plays we have ever had; and yet he was a walking compendium of vulgar insular prejudice, who, after wallowing all his life in the cheapest theatrical sentiment (he was a confirmed playgoer), had at last brought himself to a pitch of incompetence which, outside the circle of those unfortunate persons who have had to try and reason with him personally, can only be measured by reading his evidence before the Commission of 1892, and the various letters of his which are just now finding their way into print. He had French immorality on the brain; he had American indecency on the brain; he had the womanly woman on the brain; he had the Divorce Court on the brain; he had "not before a mixed audience" on the brain; his official career in relation to the higher drama was one long folly and panic, in which the only thing definitely discernible in a welter of intellectual confusion was his conception of the English people rushing towards an abyss of national degeneration in morals and manners, and only held back on the edge of the precipice by the grasp of his strong hand.

In the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday last there was an obituary notice of Mr. Pigott from the sympathetic pen of Mr. Clement Scott, who is far too kind-hearted to tell the truth on so sad an occasion, and who, I am afraid, will characterize my remarks, in his very ownest style, as "a cowardly attack on a dead man." Mr. Scott tells us of Mr. Pigott's "difficult and delicate duties," of his "admirable discretion," his "determination to persist in the path that seemed right to him," his conscientiousness, zeal, efficiency, tact, and so on. I do not question Mr. Pigott's personal character: I have no doubt he was as excellent a man for all private purposes as Charles I. But when Mr. Scott's benevolence to Mr. Pigott leads him to discredit my protests against the Censorship as "allegations that are as coarse as they are untrue," I must open Mr. Scott's eyes a little. Not that I deny the coarseness. To accuse any one of encouraging lewd farce at the expense of fine drama is to bring a coarse charge against him; but Mr. Scott will admit that the policeman must not be put out of court because he has a coarse charge to prefer. The question is, Is the charge true? Mr. Scott says no. I produce my evidence, and leave the public to judge.

Not very many seasons ago, in the exercise of my duties as a musical critic, I went to an opera at a certain West End theatre. (Mr. Scott, not having enjoyed the advantage of a training as musical critic, misses these things.) There were two heroines, one a princess. The hero had to marry the princess, though he loved the other heroine. In the second act, the stage represented an antechamber in the palace of the bride's father on the night of the wedding. The door of the nuptial chamber appeared on the stage. It was guarded by an elderly duenna. The reluctant bridegroom arrived on his way to join his bride. The duenna presented him with the golden key of the chamber. Suddenly it occurred to him that if he were to criminally assault this lady, who was renowned at court for her austerity, her screams would rouse the court, and he would be consigned by the outraged monarch to a dungeon, thereby escaping his conjugal obligations. On proceed-

ing to carry out this stratagem, he was taken aback by finding the old lady, far from raising an alarm, receive his advances with the utmost ardour. In desperation he threw her to the ground, and was about to escape when she, making no effort to rise, said, with archly affectionate reproach, "Don't you see where you've left me, duckie?" On this he fled; and presently a young man and a young woman entered and flirted until they were interrupted by the king. He, overhearing a kiss, supposed it to proceed from the bridal chamber of his daughter. He immediately went to the door; listened at the keyhole; and, hearing another kiss, remarked with an ecstatic shiver that it made him feel young again. If that scene had not been presented to the public under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, it would be impossible for me to describe it in these columns. The sole justification for the Censorship is that, without its restraining hand, the scene would have been worse than it was. Pray how much worse could it have been?

Take another instance, this time of a well-known farcical comedy which Mr. Scott must have witnessed. I spare the details: suffice it to say that the piece contained three or four "laughs" which could not possibly have been explained or described at a dinner party, which is, if I mistake not, Mr. Scott's test of propriety. I did not see the piece until, finding myself at Northampton on the eve of a political meeting in which I had to take part, I went into the theatre, and found this comedy "on tour" there. Now Northampton is not like London: it is not large enough to support one theatre where improper jests are permitted, and another guaranteed safe for clergymen and their daughters. What was the result? The Censorship of public opinion—of that Monsieur Tout le Monde who is admitted to be wiser than every one except the Lord Chamberlain—acted spontaneously. The questionable points were either omitted or slurred over in such a way that nobody could possibly catch their intention. Everything that Mr. Pigott might have done, and did not do, to make the play decent was done without compulsion by the management in order to avoid offending that section of the public which does not relish smoking-room face-tiousness.

These two typical cases, which, as Mr. Scott knows better than any one else, I can easily multiply if he puts me to it, will, I hope, convince him that my statement that the Censorship does not withhold its approval from blackguardism on the stage is much better considered than his counter-statement that I have simply said the thing that is not. But if he demands equally direct proof of my statement that the Censorship suppresses fine work, he has me at a disadvantage; for I naturally cannot produce the plays that the Censorship has prevented from existing. And yet this is the very statement I chiefly desire to establish; for I do not in the least object to the licensing of plays which disgust me, if there are people who are entertained by them: what I object to is the suppression, because they disgust other people, of plays that entertain me. All I can do is to offer to produce a staggering list of authors who have not written for the stage since the evil day when Walpole established the Censorship to prevent Fielding from exposing the corruption of Parliament on the stage. Fielding never wrote another play; and from his time to that of Dickens, who was once very fond of the stage, a comparison of our literature with our drama shows a relative poverty and inferiority on the part of the latter not to be paralleled in any of the countries where the Censor only interferes on political grounds. May I ask Mr. Scott whether he thinks that Mr. Grant Allen's "The Woman who Did" would have been licensed by Mr. Pigott if it had been a play, or whether "The Heavenly Twins" could have been written under the thumb of a Censor? Or, to come to actual plays, would Ibsen's "Ghosts" have been licensed had Mr. Grein risked subjecting himself to a £50 penalty by making the attempt? Is Tolstoi's "Dominion of Darkness" likely to be produced here as it has been elsewhere? Would "Die Walküre" be licensed as a spoken play? Would Shakespeare, or the great Greek dramatists, have stood a chance with Mr. Pigott? Mr. Scott may reply that Mr. Pigott actually did license Ibsen's plays. Fortunately, I am in a position to give both Mr. Pigott's

opinion of Ibsen's plays and his reason for licensing them. Here are his own words, uttered on one of the most responsible occasions of his official career :

"I have studied Ibsen's plays pretty carefully ; and all the characters in Ibsen's plays appear to me morally deranged. All the heroines are dissatisfied spinsters who look on marriage as a monopoly, or dissatisfied married women in a chronic state of rebellion against not only the conditions which nature has imposed on their sex, but against all the duties and obligations of mothers and wives. As for the men, they are all rascals or imbeciles."

Not unnaturally, Mr. Woodall asked Mr. Pigott on this why he did not think the plays sufficiently injurious to public morals to be suppressed. Mr. Pigott replied that they were too absurd to do any harm. Thus the one great writer who has escaped what Mr. Scott has called "the kindly blue pencil," was let pass, not because he was a great writer, but because Mr. Pigott was so stupendously incompetent as to think him beneath contempt. I have suggested that Shakespeare would have been vetoed by him ; but he has anticipated that misgiving in the following remarkable utterance : "Shakespeare himself was a member, I believe, at one time, of the Lord Chamberlain's company ; but that did not prevent his plays being written." Imagine Mr. Pigott, who refused to license "The Cenci," confronted with the relationship between the king and queen in "Hamlet," or with the closet scene in that play.

Let me add a few more touches to the sketch of Mr. Pigott's mind. First, as to his notion of morality in an audience, of vice and virtue, of fine sentiment :

"The further east you go, the more moral your audience is. You may get a gallery full of roughs in which every other boy is a pickpocket, and yet their collective sympathy is in favour of self-sacrifice ; collectively they have a horror of vice and a love of virtue. A boy might pick your pocket as you left the theatre, but have his reserve of fine sentiment in his heart."

This is immoral balderdash, nothing more and nothing less ; and yet poor Mr. Pigott believed it as firmly as he believed that Browning and George Meredith and James Russell Lowell, in attending the Shelley Society's unlicensed performance of "The Cenci," were indulging a vicious taste for immoral exhibitions.

Mr. Pigott's highly praised tact, both as a critic and a controversialist, may be judged from the following *obiter dicta* :

"Managers' backers are in most cases men who do not care to keep a theatre—I will not say for the elevation of dramatic art, or for the public edification—but for purposes which can be openly avowed."

"Absolute free trade in theatres and theatrical representation may be left to the advocacy of disciples of Jack Cade, whose political economy is a sort of Benthamism burlesqued. These purveyors of theatrical scandals are equally in favour of absolute free trade in disorderly houses and houses of ill-fame."

I must say I wish Mr. Scott had not trifled so outrageously as he has with this great public question. It is a frightful thing to see the greatest thinkers, poets, and authors of modern Europe—men like Ibsen, Wagner, Tolstoi, and the leaders of our own literature—delivered helpless into the vulgar hands of such a noodle as this amiable old gentleman—this despised and incapable old official—most notoriously was. And just such a man as he was his successor is likely to be too, because a capable man means a known man ; and a known man means one whose faults have become as public as his qualities. The appointment of Mr. Archer, for instance, would awaken Mr. Scott to the infamy of the Censorship as effectually as the appointment of Mr. Scott himself would fortify Mr. Archer's case against the institution. Yet the Lord Chamberlain cannot possibly find a better man than either one or other of these gentlemen. He will therefore have to appoint a nobody whose qualifications, being unknown, can be imagined by foolish people to be infinite. Is this, then, the time for Mr. Scott to announce that "the dramatic world is well content with the control now vested in the Lord Chamberlain and his staff?" Who constitute the dramatic world? I take the first handful of names that comes to hand. Do Messrs. Oscar Wilde, Sydney Grundy, Robert Buchanan, Henry Arthur

Jones belong to it? Do Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Charles Charrington, Miss Alma Murray, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Janet Achurch, Miss Elizabeth Robins belong to it? Does Mr. Scott himself belong to it? and, if so, do I?—does Mr. Archer?—does Mr. Walkley?—do the numerous critics who never refer to the Censorship except in terms of impatient contempt at such an anomaly? Would one of the managers who pay the Lord Chamberlain compliments now that they are in his power, waste a word on him if they were out of it? No : the dramatic world, Mr. Scott may depend on it, wants the same freedom that exists in America and—oddly enough—in Ireland. Not, mind, a stage controlled by the County Council or any such seventy-seven times worse evil than the present, but a stage free as the Press is free and as speech is free. When Mr. Scott has dropped his tear over the lost friend whom he has forced me to handle so roughly, I shall thank him to come back to his own side and fight for that freedom. Abominations like the Censorship have quite enough flatterers without him. G. B. S.

#### VIOLIN MUSIC, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

TO receive for review a parcel of "new violin music" containing an edition of Corelli's twelve violin sonatas is enough to make the most hardened reviewer wonder whether the late editor of *Musical News* (who was wont to write of "the rising Italian composer, Pagliacci") has accepted an engagement with Messrs. Augener, and by means of his strictly personal views on musical history is bent on throwing the publishing world into confusion. But a scrutiny of the title-page shows that our old good Corelli comes under the reviewer's lash again because he has lately suffered "editing"—though not in the offensive sense—at the hands of Mr. Gustav Jensen, and by the help of Messrs. Augener is made accessible to all who want to know him. Clearly, we must alter the proposed title of this article, for not by the widest stretch of terms can Corelli be classed as "new." Antique he is by years, for his work was finished ere Handel's had well begun, and so antique in sentiment that it is as hard to think he can ever grow older as it is to imagine how at any period he can have been modern. Was this music ever fresh, did it ever speak in familiar tones to a living person? One can scarce believe it ; yet at times there comes the human accent, or its attenuated echo, and then, like Whitman in different circumstances, one nudges oneself to listen. In intention, at least, Corelli is wholly decorative. He gets a beautiful figure, and repeats it with perpetual variations, each more exquisite than the last ; or he echoes and re-echoes a series of chords in ever-changing form simply because the effect pleases him. Even in his fugues there is no real development, no working towards intenser and ever-intenser climaxes : he spins out a lovely wall-paper pattern and ends when he is tired of it. Compared with our Parry, Stanford, or Mackenzie, he was a child ; yet he achieved a measure of beauty denied to them simply because he wrote with the whole-hearted intention of pleasing only himself, and, unlike our nineteenth-century men, he knew what he liked. Had he striven after higher things he might occasionally have written an emotional piece of music worthy to rank with Palestrina or Josquin des Pres, but he certainly would not have attained the cool, clear, sober charm that pervades the mass of his work. Labouring as he did only to do simple things well, he became master of a technique far surpassing that of his contemporaries, who were perhaps more ambitious, and thus was not only musical himself, but also the cause of greater music in others. For the methods he conquered or improved were at once annexed and used to finer ends by Purcell, and afterwards had their influence on Handel and Bach ; in fact, we can trace back the whole of our modern music in an unbroken stream through Beethoven, Clementi, Emanuel Bach, Sebastian Bach, and Handel, to its beginnings with Corelli—to these twelve sonatas. It is a pity the editing must be done ; but done it must be, and there is an end on't. In the magnificent volumes (Augener) edited by Joachim and Chrysander all the obsolete graces are preserved ; but as that edition is intended for musicians, only the figured basses are given for the harpsichordist's use. And of musicians, how many,



we wonder, can sit down and read off from the figures, not merely the chords in the manner reckoned satisfactory by the College of Organists, but a really characteristic accompaniment! The art is practically lost; Corelli will only be played, if at all, from an arranged accompaniment; and Mr. Jensen goes blameless, having done his task well. Of course, his accompaniments are intended for the piano; there are many things we do not like in them, but we do not presume to censure him on that account; for no two musicians ever did, or do, or ever will agree on these matters.

Turning from the ancient to the modern, we come just upon "six easy pieces for the violin, with piano-forte accompaniments, composed and illustrated with original drawings on stone by Hubert Herkomer, R.A." (Novello), a display of all the colossal assurance of genius which we pass by in dumb admiration. A number of drawing-room pieces sent us are admirably suited to their purpose—notably, "Pas Seul," a little thing by Otto Schweizer (Willocks), "Erinnerung," by Donaldson Heins (Weekes), and some arrangements of piano pieces of Moszkowski and Scharwenka (Augener). Some of Emil Kreuz's little pieces (Augener) are delightfully fresh, and we have nothing but appreciation for Jensen's original compositions. Of the severer muse of Max Reger it hardly becomes us to speak at present. Seemingly she compels her ward to be uniformly forced and affected; and the notation of the music alone prevents one from taking in its meaning without an amount of study that is not likely to be devoted to it. The miraculously indefatigable Mr. Jensen is editing for Messrs. Augener two series of violin pieces that are invaluable to students. The first, "Studies in Style," comprises fairly easy pieces of the old masters, fully bowed and fingered, and with sufficient indications of the expression. The other, "Classical Violin Music," is also selected from the old composers, but without regard to difficulty. In truth, it would seem that the needs of students are even more fully attended to than those of mature musicians, for in addition to these series Messrs. Augener are issuing one more, a selection of sonatinas by composers of all periods, edited by Emile Thomas; and the "Favourite Melodies," sent us by Messrs. Weekes, are also students' pieces, for the most part excellent. We can only hope that this augurs a coming generation of Joachims and Sarasates. We have noticed the best and the poorest of the violin music sent us, and it only remains to be said that the remaining bulk is respectable mediocrity. It is livelier, more melodious, more humanly interesting, than the organ and church music reviewed here some months ago; but none of it may be mentioned in the same breath as the masterpieces of Corelli and his successors. It is not permitted to every generation to be lifted on the crest of the wave; and at present we are deep in its trough.

We have only space for notes on the most significant of recent concerts. In the language of sport, the event of the week, or even the month, was the reappearance of Joachim (at the Monday Popular Concert of 25 February); but we shall reserve what we have to say about him until next week, for the present merely recording that his virtues and his defects were alike brought home to us when he played in Schubert's quartet in D minor and Haydn's in D major, and that he had no chance whatever in an arid sonata by Brahms for violin and piano. In this exercise he was joined by Mr. Borwick, who had just played, with a superb mingling of force and grace, some harpsichord pieces of old Domenico Scarlatti. Mr. Dolmetsch would tell us, and as a matter of theory we would entirely agree, that these things should never be played on the modern piano; but when we remember a rendering of a certain toccata of Sebastian Bach at Mr. Dolmetsch's concert of 12 February, we cannot resist the feeling that, in practice, Mr. Borwick at the piano is preferable to the modern harpsichordist at the harpsichord. The rest of the Popular Concert was taken up by Miss Kate Cove, a young singer who has not yet discovered the kind of music most suitable to her. Another singer who has avoided her vocation is Miss Erna Gelber, who sang songs by Flotow and Gounod at the Crystal Palace on 23 February. It seems as hard for her to reach the note she wants as to stay there when she has reached it; and her tone is without distinctive

quality. Flotow's childish tunes with their "huge guitar" orchestral accompaniment made a rather odd effect that took away our attention from the mere singing, and unfortunately the same thing happened in a concession to Peckham, Gounod's "Ave Maria"; so that perhaps we have not done justice to Miss Gelber's positive merits. Why Gounod, because he thought the first prelude of the "Forty-eight" perfect, should straightway spoil it by adding a melody that was, on his own showing, unnecessary, and, in addition, vulgar, is a conundrum that is only partially solved by the reflection that he was a Frenchman, and French musicians (Saint-Saëns is a notable example) have an incurable mania for pulling other people's roses to put in their own nose-gays, and also for painting the roses to make them look more natural. This concert of 23 February was an unfortunate affair altogether. Miss Gelber's singing was what we have said; Mr. Frederic Dawson took pains to show us (in Scharwenka's B flat minor concerto) that he has nothing to learn save how to play the piano; and, to crown all, Mr. Manns being ill, Mr. Cowen conducted Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and added to the fervour of our hope that Mr. Manns might be well before the next concert.

We have already written at length concerning Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts of old music. The two last came off at Queen's Hall on 12 and 26 February respectively. On the 12th Mr. Dolmetsch played the chromatic Fantasia of Sebastian Bach on the clavichord, showing conclusively that that instrument is too delicate by far for a hall holding three hundred people, however charming it may be in a smaller room. Bach's comic cantata was sung with becoming gravity by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Douglas Powell; Mr. Fuller-Maitland played a toccata by Bach; and other specimens of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century German music were played by Miss Hélène Dolmetsch, Mr. Dolmetsch, and Mr. A. P. Vivian. If we learnt something of the limitations of the clavichord at this concert, we learnt something of the limitations of French composers at the concert of 26 February. "The French," said Rousseau, "never will be a musical nation; and if they are, so much the worse for them." Mr. Dolmetsch gave us some of the music that Rousseau knew when he wrote this, and on the whole we go with Rousseau rather than with Mr. Dolmetsch. The early French music, in fact, though quaintly interesting at times, never comes within measurable distance of the stuff that the Englishmen had already produced, and the Germans were producing. We may see in it lingering traditions of the naïve sincerity and expressiveness of the primitive days, but of the picturesqueness and power of Purcell, the caressing melody of Henry Lawes, there is as little trace as of the beauty and virility of Handel, or the exaltation of Bach. To this we allow only one exception—an expressive sonata of Leclair. That the concert was interesting goes without saying. Miss Dolmetsch played the viol da gamba with exquisite fidelity of expression and lovely tone; Mr. Douglas Powell's singing was appropriately simple and, as ever, artistically finished; and Mr. Dolmetsch played the violin and harpsichord, made speeches, and rounded off the concert with the oddest exhibition of modern times.

#### LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—V.

##### CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

IT is remarkable to how great an extent the prospects offered to an investor by an office in many respects estimable may be damaged by an inequitable system of distributing the surplus funds. If we were asked to furnish a list of good proprietary offices, it would certainly be a short one; but we should have no hesitation in including the name of the "Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society," which was established just over seventy years ago, and has always borne an excellent character. The investments are of the highest class, the management is competent, and the reserves are calculated according to the most stringent tables known to actuarial practice. The shareholders, it is true, besides receiving interest at 5 per cent per annum on their capital of £50,000, help themselves once in five years to no less a sum than £62,500, so that their dividend averages 30 per cent per annum; but the

profits, even with this heavy deduction, are sufficient to enable the Society to give better results to its policy-holders *collectively* than they would obtain from many mutual offices. Yet, for those who insure, when young, for the whole term of life, and for those who effect an endowment insurance for a long period—say, for twenty-five years or more—the bonuses, as we shall proceed to show, are anything but satisfactory. The system hitherto pursued has been to allot to each policy a *cash* bonus proportionate to the amount of the premiums paid since the last valuation. At first sight, this system seems fair enough; and, indeed, it would be much more fair than it is, if it were possible to make the valuation according to the rate of interest actually earned, and by a table giving the actual rate of mortality among the policy-holders. But, in practice, such a scheme of distribution is distinctly unjust to the policies which have been in force for a long time—that is to say, to the very policies which are most profitable to the Society. We spoke last week of policies in the Scottish Widows' Fund and Scottish Equitable Society, which, at the present rates of bonus, would be doubled in value in less than fifty years; but we do not imagine that any one has ever lived long enough to see the amount of his policy doubled by the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society."

The directors have lately recognized the inequitable effect of their system to the extent of deciding to consider, at the next valuation, any reversionary bonus already attaching to a policy as producing an additional premium proportionate to that actually paid. For example, a policy for £1000, to which a bonus of, say, £100 has already been added, will henceforth rank equally for future bonuses with a similar policy for £1100 effected immediately after the last valuation. This modification, while somewhat improving the position of those who elect to take a reversionary bonus, will not, of course, in any way affect those who take their bonus in cash; and the accounts show that there are many such, owing, no doubt, to the fact (which we confess ourselves entirely at a loss to explain) that the Society's cash bonus is relatively much better than the corresponding reversionary bonus. In fact, the system, modify it as you will, gives an undue advantage to the man who insures at an advanced age, to the invalid (that is, to the young life rated as an old one), and to the holder of an endowment insurance for a short period. It is, therefore, bad in principle; it has been abandoned successively by the "United Kingdom Temperance Institution," the "Star Life Assurance Society," and the "Alliance Assurance Company;" and the "Commercial Union Assurance Company," for the avowed reason that the system is unfitted to endowment insurances, has just discarded the very modification of it which the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society" is about to adopt.

Possibly it is from a consciousness that there is something wrong with the system that the Company indulges in yet another serious peculiarity, and gives on an endowment insurance a rate of cash bonus which is only four-fifths of the rate awarded in the case of a corresponding whole-life policy. The insurer for a short term can very well afford to overlook this disadvantage, in view of the favourable treatment which he otherwise receives at the hands of the actuary; but it constitutes a very serious aggravation of the hardship already inflicted on the man who insures for a term of thirty or forty years. The following table shows the return to be expected from an endowment insurance for £1000 for ten, fifteen, twenty-five, and thirty-five years, assuming the bonuses to be taken in cash (the most advantageous course), and to be invested at 2½ per cent compound interest:

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy <i>plus</i> amount of cash bonuses accumulated at 2½ per cent.	Gain or loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
		£ s. d.	£	£	£
40	50	112 15 0	1295	1336	+ 41
35	50	72 0 0	1323	1344	+ 21
35	60	42 2 6	1475	1383	- 92
25	60	27 12 6	1555	1403	- 152

We venture to think that these results are sufficiently striking to deter any ordinarily sane individual who looks at them from effecting a long-term endowment insurance with the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society." On the other hand, the man who wants a policy for only ten or fifteen years may enter the Society with a light heart; but even to him a word of warning is necessary. There is nothing in the Acts relating to life insurance to prevent a company from changing its method of distribution whenever it pleases; and if, as may reasonably be anticipated, old men and endowment insurers for short periods are attracted in undue proportion to the office by the favourable terms offered them, while those who would be most profitable to the Society stand aloof, the management may find itself compelled before long to adopt a radical change of system. The insurer for ten or fifteen years should not, therefore, be too sanguine that the results given above will be maintained.

The interim cash bonus given by the Society on endowment insurances varies from 20 per cent to 24 per cent of the premiums paid since the previous division, according to the number of such premiums. Thus, the rate is 20 per cent on one premium, 21 per cent on two premiums, and so on.

The "Star Life Assurance Society" was established in 1843. Like the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society," it is a proprietary office, and the rates of premiums for "with profit" policies for the whole term of life are practically the same at both offices. We suppose that no one—certainly no one outside the "Star" office—would pretend that it is the better office of the two. It is more expensively managed, and its business, which is collected from various parts of the world, and includes a substantial contribution from South Africa, is not likely to prove so profitable on an average as that of the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society," which is strictly confined to the United Kingdom. The "Star" valuation is not made on so secure a basis—that is to say, the "Clerical, Medical, and General" actuary reserves a larger sum to meet an equal risk; and yet the latter Company had at the last valuation a larger surplus to distribute in proportion to the number of participating policies. It is curious, too, to note that the "Clerical" office, which is allied with the Established Church, only grants policies to clergymen at the ordinary rates, while the "Star" office, which is intimately associated with dissent, allows "ministers" a deduction of ten per cent. This is, of course, very nice for the ministers, and indicates that the responsibility of looking after the nonconformist conscience is not without its compensations; but, unless it is to be understood that a preacher's expectation of life is 10 per cent better than anybody else's, it is obvious that the lay member is a loser by the arrangement. In spite of all these considerations, the following table shows that the "Star" office, which proceeds on the principle of a uniform compound-bonus, presents to its clients prospects which are more equitable, and, on the whole, much more satisfactory than those offered by the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society":

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Gain or loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
		£ s. d.	£	£	£
40	50	101 6 8	1163	1161	- 2
35	50	66 18 4	1230	1251	+ 21
35	60	41 14 2	1460	1452	+ 8
25	60	27 13 4	1557	1686	+ 129

The contrast with the former table, as regards a thirty-five years' policy, is indeed startling, and leaves us wondering more than ever what the "Clerical, Medical, and General" management can be about. At the same time, we are disposed to think that the result is too favourable to the "Star Society," since our calculations depend on the assumption that the last bonus of £1 11s. per cent (compound) on the sum assured will be maintained. We confess to considerable doubt on that point. In the first place, the Society has never yet paid interim bonuses, although it has now obtained an Act enabling



it to do so. This may be roughly estimated to make a difference of 2s. per cent in the rate of bonus declared at the end of a quinquennium. In the second place, it must be borne in mind that, until the year 1883, the system of distribution was the same as that which still obtains with the "Clerical, Medical, and General Society." The prospectus exhibits an interesting comparison between the new method and the old one, from which it appears that the reversionary bonus on a twenty-five years' policy will, assuming a rate of £1 10s. per cent per annum to be maintained, be £434 instead of £288. Now, it is clear that the Society has not yet followed its present system long enough to feel the full effect of the change. It has not yet experienced the strain that will eventually come upon its resources by the operation of the compound bonus for a long period of years. Those who are already insured may reasonably congratulate themselves that the bonus, which in 1883 was at the rate of £1 7s. 6d. per cent per annum on the amount of the policy, has now risen to £1 11s. per cent; but the new intrant has to consider whether the Society is not drawing a bill upon the future which will have to be met at his cost. We are inclined to think that the management would have been better advised to strengthen the reserves at the last distribution, instead of increasing the rate of bonus.

Before quitting the "Star" office, one fact deserves special mention. The amount of the shareholders' paid-up capital is only £5000, but they appropriate considerably over £10,000 a year in dividends! Now, the only ground on which the proprietary principle can be defended in the theory of life insurance, is that the paid-up and uncalled capital constitutes a material guarantee for the Society's fulfilment of its contracts with the insured. In this instance, the whole of the subscribed capital is £100,000, while the funds of the Society exceed three and a half millions, and the amount of the policies in force is about thirteen millions. It is really laughable that the policy-holders should be paying upwards of £10,000 a year for the security that £100,000 of capital (mostly uncalled) affords for the payment of £13,000,000. We are reminded of de Morgan's observation respecting the guarantee of shareholders, that it is "a question how much it is worth, and whether it may not be bought at too high a price." Of a surety, gold is found in Moorgate Street as well as at Coolgardie!

### MONEY MATTERS.

THE United States loan is an accomplished fact. The letters of allotment were posted on Tuesday evening, and the plan which has been adopted by Messrs. Rothschild of giving something to every applicant seems to have caused general satisfaction. It is said that the amount required was subscribed eighteen or twenty times over, and the allotments have, as a rule, varied from 5 to 10 per cent of the amount applied for. The scrip is still at a premium of about 5½, and this testimony to the excellence of American credit undoubtedly adds weight to the criticisms of those who think that President Cleveland might have made a better bargain with the syndicate. This, however, is a matter which it is quite profitless to discuss. A question of more practical interest is whether the United States Government will redeem the bonds in gold, as some financiers confidently predict, or will take advantage of the option, on which it has at no small cost insisted, of redeeming them in silver. But there is nothing at present to be gained by discussing the relative likelihood of these alternatives, beyond pointing out that the higher rate of interest which the loan bears entails the risk to investors of having their claims met in silver. The really important and immediate question is what use the United States Government intends to make of the respite which the new loan affords it. It is apparent to all parties that the loan is nothing but a makeshift, and that, unless a really efficient and permanent remedy be found, the 12½ millions sterling are likely to disappear as rapidly as the other 20 millions which the President has borrowed during the past twelve months. It will be very interesting to see what answer Congress, which meets on Monday next, will give to this question. The

crux of the difficulty consists, of course, in the enormous amount of the paper currency: in fact, the Government has a huge floating debt which it is quite unable to liquidate. It has been variously proposed to stop the efflux of gold by withdrawing from circulation, at a cost of about £70,000,000, the "greenbacks"—that is, the old Treasury notes issued during the Civil War; by cancelling, at even greater cost, the notes and certificates of late years issued against the Government's silver reserve; by giving the banks power to issue notes, to a certain extent, against Government Bonds deposited; or by compelling the banks to hold a gold reserve against notes. But there is little prospect of the success of any one or all of these measures so long as the expenditure of the country exceeds its revenue. The disease is one that demands the knife, and the process of economy might very well commence with the pensions, which are estimated to cost the country £28,000,000 in the current financial year. It is, at any rate, morally certain that unless Congress determines without delay to take vigorous action of some sort, the President will, a few months hence, be called upon to decide whether he will negotiate for a fresh loan, probably at a still higher rate of interest and on more stringent terms, with the consequent damage to the credit of the country, or whether he will abandon the attempt to fulfil his obligations in gold, in which case that metal will inevitably go to a premium, with disastrous results to the money market.

The most serious disappointment of the week was the report of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the directors of which have decided to pay no dividend at all for the past half-year. As an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent per annum was declared six months ago, the distribution for the year is at the rate of 2½ per cent per annum. It seems that more than half of the "dividend equalization reserve" of \$4,000,000 would be required to bring the dividend up to 5 per cent for the year, and under these circumstances the directors were probably well advised in leaving the reserve untouched. But it is difficult to understand how they can have so misjudged the position of affairs as to declare an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent; and, coupling this with the fact that the Company's stock has for some weeks been heavily sold from Montreal, we can only conclude that we have before us one more case in which the too confident British investor has been gulled by his Transatlantic cousin, and that the Canadian railways are not above pursuing the unenviably notorious tactics of their neighbours across the border.

There has been a fairly strong demand for money, partly owing to the payment of the railway dividends, the settlement in Consols, and the fact that a considerable sum was locked up in applications for the United States loan; and in some cases short loans had to be obtained from the Bank at 2 per cent. The pressure, however, has been of a temporary character; and on Monday the Treasury Bills were allotted at an average rate of £1 1s. 10d. per cent, which is, we believe, the lowest on record. It is rumoured that the London County Council, encouraged by this result, contemplate inviting tenders for a twelve months' loan.

The introduction of the Bills to enable the London County Council to acquire the undertakings of the London Water Companies has not unnaturally been followed by a considerable depreciation in the shares of the Companies. It is scarcely doubtful that the shareholders will eventually have to make up their minds to the transfer of the control of the London water-supply to some representative body; but it will probably be some time before any change is actually made. It must be borne in mind that the capital of the Companies has a market value of nearly 35½ millions sterling, of which the New River Company's stock alone represents upwards of 10½ millions, and these are sums which are not readily found, even by the London County Council.

The heaviest "operator" in the City during the week has been the influenza, and the stock markets have been

practically idle. Italians were somewhat depressed owing to the Ministerial scandals; and Uruguays have been similarly affected by rumours of a failure at Monte Video, which holders of stock will do well to verify before parting with their property. There are indications of a considerable drop in American Railways, which is a curious and significant accompaniment to the completion of the new loan. On the other hand, Mexican Six per Cents have risen, and the South African market has presented a marked contrast to the general inactivity.

#### NEW ISSUES.

##### THE BLACK SWAN GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

Not the least striking feature of the recent plethora of gold-mining Companies in Western Australia is their possession of those powers of speedy propagation of the species which naturalists have taught us to expect among the lower forms of animal life. One interesting announcement follows another with bewildering rapidity; each week witnesses some more or less startling development; and we were therefore prepared to receive with equanimity the news that that prolific parent known as "Bailey's Reward" had just given birth to a "Black Swan." Nor are we surprised to learn that Mr. A. Cairns, late manager of "Bailey's Cosgroves," states to the directors that "there is no uncertainty that next to Bailey's your property" (*i.e.* the Black Swan) "is one of the most valuable on the field, of course excepting the lately discovered—now famous—Londonderry, which is simply a mass of gold." A payment of 2s. 6d. on application, and 5s. on allotment, will enable any one who has that amount of money to spare to become part-owner of this "most valuable" property. It is true that no less than £65,000 of the whole capital of £85,000 is to go to the vendor Company; but any misgivings which a too-cautious investor may entertain on that score, will no doubt be dissipated when he observes that the directorate includes Mr. F. E. Harman, director of Lindsay's Gold Mines, on which we commented last week under similarly interesting circumstances, and Mr. A. E. Walton, director of Blackett's Claim, which has for its chairman Mr. F. A. Thompson.

##### THE WESTRALIAN PREMIER GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

"This Company," as its prospectus tells us, "has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing the property known as the Aurora Reef, in the Wealth of Nations district, about forty-five miles north-west of Coolgardie." The capital is £125,000, in 125,000 shares of £1 each, of which 15,000 have been offered for subscription, 1s. being payable on application, 4s. on allotment, 5s. one month after allotment, and the balance in calls of 5s. each "as and when required." The vendors are to receive £90,000 in fully-paid shares as the consideration for the transfer of the property to the Company, but the memorandum of association provides that these shares are not to receive any dividend until dividends amounting in the aggregate to 30 per cent shall have been paid on the 15,000 shares offered for subscription. This seems at first sight a piece of unexampled generosity on the part of the owners of the Aurora Reef, which is stated to have a pay chute of "richly auriferous character," and which Mr. F. Harriot Henning, one of the vendors, considers to be "one of the best properties on the Coolgardie Goldfield, outside of Bayley's." But the directors have the candour to publish a report by Mr. Lancaster Hobbs, of the firm of Messrs. R. J. and W. Frecheville, in which that gentleman observes that he was "not too much impressed with the value of this property," and points out that the "pay chutes have not been opened out or proved at all, so that the value is hypothetical." He also telegraphs that the property is a "very pockety mine," and adds, "I put in the words 'very pockety mine' to especially draw your attention to the main body being useless." In fact, the directors are asking the public to join them and the vendors in a self-confessed gamble of the wildest kind. If, after reading the report of Mr. Hobbs, any of the public are so unwise as to throw their money into this venture, they will certainly have nobody but themselves to blame for the consequences.

##### THE "EMPIRE" ECONOMIC STEAM PRODUCER, LIMITED.

The capital of this Company is to consist of 50,000 Preferred shares and 30,000 Deferred shares of £1 each, and 25,000 Preferred shares have been offered for subscription. The Preferred shares will be entitled to a preferential dividend of 7 per cent, and the whole of the Deferred shares will be issued to the vendors, Mr. Rudolf Klostermann and Mr. Otto Friederici, who, in the new capacities of engineer and general manager respectively, will thus produce steam, not only economically, but for nothing, until the preference shareholders shall receive 7 per cent on their investment. This is fair enough as far as it goes; but it is to be regretted that these gentlemen have not sufficient confidence in the merits of their invention to take shares in full payment of the purchase money, instead of requiring £10,000 in cash. That circumstance caused us to search the prospectus for some evidence of the profits out of which the 7 per cent dividend is to be paid; but this seems, by some oversight, to have been omitted. It is, however, interesting to know that "it is estimated that in the United Kingdom there are about 300,000 stationary boilers in use"; from which it follows, as a mere matter of arithmetic, that the reconstruction of one per cent of these, at a charge per boiler of from £30 and upwards (*sic*), . . . and a future minimum royalty of £10 per boiler per annum on such number of boilers, would produce a gross revenue of £30,000 per annum." But why not reconstruct all the 300,000 stationary boilers, instead of limiting the Company's operations to only one per cent of them?

Mr. H. C. Burdett's "Official Intelligence" for 1895 (Spottiswoode & Co.) is a work of reference that has from the year of its establishment proved indispensable to men of business, investors, and persons interested in all kinds of British and foreign securities and commercial enterprises. The excellent system of classification observed in this compendious volume facilitates reference to its multifarious contents to an extent which everybody who consults it must acknowledge to be remarkable. Among the subjects of interest that receive special treatment in the new edition of "Burdett's Official Intelligence," we may mention "Light Railways," "Metropolitan Water Companies," "Municipal and County Finance," and "Bills Introduced by the London County Council."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,  
39, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

21 February, 1895.

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out to you a misuse of terms in the otherwise excellent articles on "Life Insurance as an Investment" now appearing in the *Saturday Review*? The writer of the articles speaks constantly of "endowments" when he really means "endowment assurances," the two things being very different. An "endowment" policy secures a sum of money to be paid only in the event of the life assured surviving a fixed period: whereas an "endowment assurance" provides for the payment of the sum assured on the survival of the period, or at previous death. The blemish to which I am calling your attention is not a very serious one, nor is it likely to mislead any but the possessor of the proverbially dangerous "little knowledge." At the same time it is desirable that the distinction between the two forms of assurance should be maintained, and the interchange of terms, as tending to introduce confusion between them, is on that account to be deprecated—especially in a *Saturday* article.—Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY MARKS.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for pointing out the risk of confusion in the minds of the public between the two classes of policy. The shorter expression, which is of course inaccurate, was used for the sake of brevity.—ED. S. R.]



## THE MARKING OF FOREIGN AND COLONIAL MEAT.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

27 February, 1895.

SIR,—A much-needed and unquestionably just and reasonable assistance to the depressed industry of agriculture in this country will be given if Mr. Jeffreys' Bill to enforce the marking of foreign and colonial meat should become law. The registration of all dealers in foreign and colonial meat, the placing prominently before the public at the dealer's place of business a notice of this registration, together with provision for proper inspection, are nothing more than a step in the direction of protection: not, I hasten to add, of the breeder and grazier against competition, but of the public against an imposition, which it would not be too much to call adulteration. How great a quantity of foreign meat, often of an inferior and not seldom even of an unwholesome kind, is consumed by the British public under the impression that it is English is known only to the butchers of our great towns. In the country the bringing-in of dead meat from abroad is seldom attempted, so probable would be detection, and so certain the consequent loss of custom. Mr. Jeffreys' Bill will be no check to legitimate trade in foreign meat. Those who wish for foreign meat will be able to obtain it, but those who wish for English meat will no longer incur the too common risk of being supplied with foreign, and that, too, under the name and at the price of the home-grown article. The farmers in every constituency should bring pressure to bear on their representatives to support this and similar reforms. The agricultural interest is neglected because it has no organization and does not combine to make its strength felt. What, for instance, seems simpler or more feasible than a Bill to check the substitution of margarine and such compounds for genuine butter? This would be actually far simpler and easier than what Mr. Jeffreys proposes to do; for it has only to be enacted that margarine be coloured blue, or red, or even be not coloured at all, to put a stop to the widespread substitution of a spurious manufactured product for a genuine home-made article of food. There would be no need of labels, the purchaser would know at a glance whether he was getting margarine or butter, and could make his choice with his eyes open. And yet so supine are our farmers, and, as a consequence, their representatives in Parliament, that the influence of a little knot of margarine manufacturers is sufficient to block all remedial legislation.—Yours faithfully,

A SOMERSET MAN.

## REVIEWS.

## A SPECIMEN OF CAMBRIDGE EDITING.

"Elementary Palæontology for Geological Students." By Henry Woods, B.A., F.G.S. 8vo, viii. and 222 pages. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1893. Price 6s.

WE have so far confined our criticism of books issued by our University Presses to the productions of the Oxford Clarendon Press. We now propose to deal similarly with a few specimens of Cambridge editing. The Cambridge Press is perhaps less open to damaging criticism than that of the sister University; but it is far from approaching the ideal of academic work, as will be seen from a critical examination of Mr. Woods' "Elementary Palæontology for Geological Students."

It is not long since Cambridge University, laudably enough, projected a series of "Natural Science Manuals," for the use of her undergraduate students or of others who might choose to purchase them. The first of these to be published was announced as an Elementary Palæontology. Such a manual might, without question, have been described in trade parlance as a long-felt want. Few branches of science are so difficult to learn, and few have had so little attention paid to them in this country. The beginner was without a guide; for, whatever the merits of Prof. Nicholson's well-known work, its size, scope, and price placed it beyond the reach of all but advanced students. Manuals of geology are to be

had in abundance, but manuals of palæontology were notoriously deficient. In short, the gap was great, the need was urgent, and here was an excellent opportunity for Cambridge University to remove this reproach from our scientific education. How was the opportunity taken? The reply, however humiliating, may at least prove instructive.

The book, when it appeared, turned out to be "adapted to the requirements of geological students," treating of those fossils that enable geologists to determine the age of strata, rather than of those that mainly interest the zoologist, and, perhaps for this reason, confined to invertebrate animals. Its chief object, in a word, was to teach the field-geologist how to identify his fossils, and thus to determine the rocks in which they were found. Such an object is not a very high one, and knowledge of this superficial kind has before now led many a geologist pure and simple into grotesque error. Still a book of this kind might prove of use to a certain class, and might at all events fulfil its object in a satisfactory manner. There is no real harm in "spotting fossils," so long as the exercise does not pretend to be palæontology. Accepting, then, this unscientific limitation of the subject, we have only to inquire whether the book comes up to the standard that one has a right to demand of a University and of a University Press.

Our first demand is that such a book shall be written in passable English. But the following are some of the sentences that are written by a Bachelor of Arts, edited by a Master of Arts, and published by a University: "The majority of fossils belong to species which are not found living at the present day, but at the same time a fossil is not necessarily now an extinct form, thus in some of the later Cainozoic formations as many as 90 per cent of the species of mollusks are still living." "The calcite shell remains firm much longer than the aragonite, the latter soon coming to have the consistency of kaolin, and is then easily broken up." "In the Cambridge Greensand the interior of the organism was filled with phosphate of lime": calculus racked him, we suppose. "Some animals leave only their footprints, such as labyrinthodonts and reptiles from the Trias": is "labyrinthodont" the author's term for a footprint, or is he ignorant that the skeletons of these animals are known? "The Graptolitoidea includes the graptolites": this form of false concord occurs many times, and the false use of the word "include" is also repeated; the Graptolitoidea are the graptolites, neither more nor less. "An ink-sac is always present [in cuttle-fish] and is occasionally found preserved fossil; and even in this condition it is capable of being used for artistic purposes": it is, of course, the ink or sepia that is used. But enough of such puerile English.

After this we are not surprised to find the author throwing long scientific terms at the heads of his elementary pupils, with the ease and accuracy of a Mrs. Malaprop. The Cambridge undergraduate is supposed to have an intuitive understanding of words like "cortical," "nematocyst," "pseudo-deltidium"; but, whatever may be the case of the reader, the writer clearly does not understand many of the terms he uses. If he did, he would not call the gullet-like passage of a sea-anemone "an alimentary tube," he would not say "centro-dorsal" when he meant "dorso-central," a totally different thing, nor would he write "systemic (*i.e.* receives arterial blood)," if he knew that "systemic" meant nothing more than "connected with the general circulation of the body."

It is time to drop the village schoolmaster's office, and to consider what next we require in a University manual. We look assuredly for some method and reasonable arrangement. But in this book we find only a lamentable lack of proportion. If only twelve pages can be spared to the Protozoa, why waste three of them on *Eosoon*, when its organic origin is admitted to be exceedingly doubtful, and when it is quite useless to the stratigraphist? Then, in treating of the Brachiopods, if *Lingulella*, which differs so slightly from *Lingula*, is to be mentioned, space should surely be found for the more important types, *Obolus* and *Obolella*; and if the locally and specifically restricted *Uncites* must be described, *Athyris* and *Meristella*, which though more common are more puzzling, should not be omitted. The mere fact that a genus is confined to a

particular horizon should not warrant its ousting genera of far more common occurrence; and how this benefits even the field-geologist we cannot conceive. Again, when space is limited, why indulge in vain repetitions? If a table of classification be given at the head of the chapter, it is needless to use three or four lines of the same page in repeating the information. If "food is generally taken in at one permanent aperture," the merest schoolboy does not want to be told that this aperture "functions as a mouth." Lastly, if the book really is intended for the geologist, it is the veriest trifling to give details that can be of no use to the statigraphist or even to the palæontologist. The statement that "the nervous system" of the Mollusca "consists of three pairs of ganglia connected by cords," would, even if true, be far from "adapted to the requirements of geological students," and need never have been repeated on a subsequent page. But insult is simply added to injury when a ten-line description of the odontophore of the Gastropods concludes with the impudent though true assertion, that "it is of no service to the palæontologist."

Not merely in details, but in its whole plan, the book seems to us faulty. We decline to believe that little descriptions of from three to ten lines, would, even if correct, enable a student to identify the genera mentioned.

Now, a book (though not a book issued by a University Press) may be written in the style of the Lower Fourth, it may be innocent of orthography and orthology, its parts may be disproportioned and its methods vicious, and yet it may contain information of some use to those for whom it is intended. In the last resort only one condition is absolutely necessary, namely, that the information be correct. The following examples, selected at random from the manual before us, will at least show that Cambridge palæontology is rightly styled elementary. *Dichograptus* and *Clonograptus* are said to occur "in the Olenus-shales of Gothland": there are no rocks of that age in the island. The plates of the Cystideans are said to be "not arranged in a regular manner as they are in Crinoids": Dr. P. H. Carpenter's last work proved that in a large number of cases they were arranged with a similar regularity. Certain Polyzoa are said to "possess appendages to the zoecia, termed avicularia and vibracula": it is agreed that these are not appendages, but modified individuals. Whatever may be thought of the classification adopted in this book for the bivalve mollusks, *Cardiola* should not be placed between the two taxodont genera, *Arca* and *Pectunculus*; the character of its hinge is quite different. *Anthracosia* is treated as a marine shell: it lived only in fresh or brackish water. *Cardita* is said to possess "in the left valve one cardinal and a posterior elongated lateral tooth": this valve really has one short anterior cardinal tooth, one elongate posterior cardinal tooth, and a feeble posterior lateral tooth. *Opis* has not "a cardinal tooth in each valve" and "adductor impressions very deep": there are two cardinal teeth in the left valve, and the adductor impressions are not at all deep. The descriptions of *Crassatella* and other bivalves are equally at fault, and the author's acquaintance with Gastropods is of like extent and peculiarity. What he knows about Cephalopods may be gathered from his description of *Goniatites* which we give with emendations: "Shell discoidal [globose in the typical species and many others]; whorls embracing [often loosely coiled], umbilicus sometimes narrow, sometimes wide. Last chamber usually large [does he mean long or wide?], aperture with a ventral sinus [this feature, which is inferred from the direction of the ornament lines, can only be predicated of certain species]. Sutures never foliaceous, sometimes [usually] angular, sometimes [rarely] rounded; siphuncle small on the external margin [not on the margin, but submarginal]; septal necks usually [always] directed backwards; Upper Silurian to Carboniferous [they occur in the Permian of Russia]." If the name *Ammonites* be used in the wide sense here retained for it, its geological range must be extended below the Lias to the Trias and even to the Permian. To elucidate the remarks on the Dibranchiate shell (p. 178) would be a pleasant puzzle for Christmas parties. *Leperditia* is dated from Ordo-

vician, but it existed with *Lingulella* in the earliest days of the Cambrian era. Of the statement that *Cypridea* has a "beak-like process," it can only be said that its writer has never seen a *Cypridea*. "*Pollicipes* commences in the Rhaetic, *Scalpellum* in the Cretaceous," cannot be reconciled with the fact that both are found in Silurian rocks.

Did space and the patience of our readers permit, we could prove that the errors just quoted were a fair sample of the whole book. It will be noticed that they are errors of geology no less than of zoology. A palæontologist has been defined as one whom zoologists suppose to have a knowledge of geology, but whom geologists suppose to be better acquainted with zoology. If the young gentleman to whom Cambridge University entrusted the preparation of this Manual, be, as he ought to be, a fair specimen of a palæontologist, he only proves that the definition is as true as it is witty. But, for the sake of British science, we dare not believe that this kind of stuff is the best that can be produced by the University that has numbered Sedgwick and Francis Balfour among its professors, Darwin among its distinguished alumni. If such a book came from Munich, Vienna, Berlin, or even from the little University of Freiburg, we should wonder; when it comes from Cambridge, we should mourn.

#### THE LIFE OF MISS EDGEWORTH.

"The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth." Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. In two volumes. London: Edward Arnold. 1894.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE has written more than one good book in his time, but he has never produced anything nearly so entertaining and valuable as his latest contribution to biography and literature. We may as well add at once, without offence to a cultured and painstaking writer, that the chief charm of the "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth" is due to the matter which is not from his pen. Yet for this, too, more than a little praise is due to him. Unlike so many biographers and critics of to-day, he is content to sink himself and let the material which he has collected tell its own tale as far as possible. Now, Miss Edgeworth wrote excellent letters—letters which, perhaps, are already more interesting to us than her books, and which certainly have a fair chance of keeping the latter alive; and Mr. Hare gives us a complete and most interesting picture of her and her surroundings, by arranging and selecting from among her correspondence with loving care, and connecting the epistles with just "such a thread of biography as might unite the links of the chain." Before we leave Mr. Hare's part of the book, we will take the opportunity of stating that he has done his work most skilfully, and of expressing our gratitude for the art, discretion, and good taste by means of which he makes this excellent woman of letters live as she never lived for us before. Here and there we have noted a slip or two, but where so much is good it is graceless to cavil at trifles: it is only in the friendliest spirit that we would caution the writer to control his lyrical tendencies: a due mixture of anapaests and iambs makes a pretty lilting song, but it does not sound nice in prose—e.g. "The scenery here has few natural attractions"; "In the flats of the featureless county of Longford." The latter sentence strikes oddly upon the ear at once, because it is the very first in the book.

Of Miss Edgeworth as a writer of fiction we all know enough; and perhaps some of us, maybe because her books were the literary nourishment of our youth prescribed by authority, think they want to know not very much more of her in that character. But Maria as a girl and woman is little known to the public. She lived in the golden age before the interviewer and the "mainly about people" craze, and she steadily refused to write an autobiographical sketch. "My life, wholly domestic, can offer nothing of interest to the public," she said. It is that life "wholly domestic" which is so full of interest now, when time enough has elapsed to allow the story to be told with a fullness and candour that in her own day would have been impertinent.

Born far back in the last century—on New Year's Day 1767—circumstances made her from her early years



the close companion of her father, and a second mother to a numerous brood of his begetting. He was an eccentric Irish squire, of good intellect, strong character, and a confirmed taste for matrimony and the domesticities. At the age of nineteen he eloped with a Miss Elers to Gretna Green, and the union thus contracted was no great success. "I soon felt the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage," he wrote in his memoirs; "but though I heartily repented my folly, I determined to bear with firmness and temper the evil which I had brought on myself." Richard Edgeworth bore a good many things in the course of a long life with "firmness and temper," though perhaps the latter word had a little more of the meaning we generally attach to it than he would have cared to admit. He illustrated the qualities he referred to by getting up schemes for improving agriculture and helping Ireland, by falling in love with a "beautiful and gifted girl," and flying for safety with his little boy to France. He determined to educate the child "according to the system of Rousseau," but this interesting experiment was spoiled by the death of Mrs. Edgeworth. At this the widower returned to his three little girls (of whom Maria was the eldest), and married his beautiful and gifted Honora Sneyd on the spot. She contributed two children to the Edgeworth household, and then died; whereupon her devotedly attached husband married a third time. The account of his proceedings in this connection are worth quoting in Mr. Hare's words:

"In the spring of 1780, Mrs. Honora Edgeworth died of consumption. . . . Mr. Edgeworth announced this—which to her was a most real sorrow—to his daughter Maria [*ætat.* 13], in a very touching letter, in which he urges her to follow her lost step-mother's example, especially in endeavouring to be 'amiable, prudent, and of use'; but within eight months he married again. Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, when dying, had been certain that he would do so, and had herself indicated her own sister Elizabeth as the person whose character was most likely to secure a happy home for him and his children. So with his usual singularity, though he liked her less than any of her sisters, and though he believed her utterly unsuited to himself, he followed the advice which had been given, and in spite of law and public opinion, Elizabeth Sneyd became the third Mrs. Edgeworth in less than eight months of her sister's death."

The marriage turned out well, and resulted—among other things—in nine children; after the lady's death, this admirable specimen of a "permanent husband"—to misapply Dostoevsky's pleasing phrase—only married once more, for his fourth wife survived him. She brought up the total of his offspring born in lawful wedlock to twenty-two. The children of these various marriages lived on remarkably good terms with one another, largely owing to Maria's benevolent sway. It was she who was Edgeworth's companion and the acting head of the household, his wives being largely engaged in becoming mothers.

There is nothing more unlike the life of the typical literary lady than that of Maria Edgeworth as we see it in her letters. They are full of the happy cheerfulness of a lovable woman whose heart was in her home and her multifarious duties, and who took her writing mainly as one of the permissible healthy recreations. She began her career of authorship—not that she would have called it by such a lofty name—at the age of twenty-six, under her father's eye, and with a view to illustrating his precepts. In a letter in which she returns thanks to her aunt for "kind inquiries" after her first productions, she expresses her sorrow that "they are not as well as can be expected, nor are they likely to mend at present: when they are fit to be seen—if that happy time ever arrives—their first visit shall be to Black Castle. They are now disfigured by all manner of crooked marks of papa's critical indignation, besides various abusive marginal notes, which I would not have you see for half-a-crown sterling;" and she goes on to chat about her little brother and sister. She took no less modest a tone when her fame was established and she had become a personage of literary note, as one may see from a delightful fragment of a letter written fifteen years later:

"I have just been reading, for the fourth time, I believe, 'The Simple Story,' which I intended this time to read

as a critic, that I might write to Mrs. Inchbald about it; but I was so carried away by it that I was totally incapable of thinking of Mrs. Inchbald or anything but Miss Milner and Doriforth, who appeared to me real persons whom I saw and heard, and who had such power to interest me, that I cried my eyes almost out before I came to the end of the story. I think it the most pathetic and the most powerfully interesting tale I ever read. I was obliged to go from it to correct 'Belinda' for Mrs. Barbauld, who is going to insert it in her collection of novels, with a preface; and I really was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone, Belinda, that I could have torn the pages to pieces; and, really, I have not the heart or the patience to correct her. As the hackney coachman said, 'mend *you!* better make a new one.'"

To think of the dear creature crying out her eyes over Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story"—"the most pathetic and the most powerfully interesting tale I ever read"—is almost enough to drive one to read "Belinda" again, and get up a little tearfulness over it on one's own account.

It is impossible to do justice to a book of such varied contents in a review, though we have already written much more than we intended. The reader who likes big names in biographies will find lively accounts of intercourse with various notabilities, chief of whom is Scott; those who have a taste (like the present writer) for literary shadows may satisfy it with Anna Seward—the Swan of Lichfield of Porson's spiteful wit and Della Cruscan compliment—with Day who wrote "Sandford and Merton," with Darwin of Botanic Garden fame, Dr. Parr, &c. &c. Shrewd descriptions abound of persons met on various travels, of customs, of foreign society. The writer is always natural, unaffected, and simple; generally witty; and consistently good hearted and kind. One wonders sometimes what is the meaning of all our self-gratulation over the advance of feminine education and the emancipation of women, when one finds that such a woman, born in the sixties of the last century, and enjoying no special advantages, was vastly more cultivated and better instructed than ninety-nine per cent of the High School and Newnham girls, and that she had managed to be so without neglecting any of the duties of a large household thrust upon her in her teens, without showing any trace of the bluestocking, and without sacrificing anything of that femininity which is the indispensable qualification for enjoyable intercourse between the sexes.

Maria Edgeworth lived to the age of eighty-three, useful, loving, and beloved to the end. She never married, though her hand was sought. She was five-and-thirty—they did not then call unmarried women of that age "girls"—when she was proposed to by the Chevalier Edelcrantz, "a Swedish gentleman . . . of superior understanding and mild manners." To her cousin Sophy she writes of it thus:

"I persist in refusing to leave my country and my friends to live at the Court of Stockholm, and he tells me (of course) that there is nothing he would not sacrifice for me except his duty; he has been all his life in the service of the King of Sweden, has places under him, and is actually employed in collecting information for a large political establishment. He thinks himself bound to finish what he has begun. He says he would not fear the ridicule or blame that would be thrown upon him by his countrymen for quitting the country at his age, but that he should despise himself if he abandoned his duty for any passion. This is all very reasonable, but reasonable for him only, not for me; and I have never felt anything for him but esteem and gratitude."

Thus she talks in cheerful strain to her kinswoman; but her heart, in spite of that "of course," was not light. Her stepmother tells us that she was certainly in love with Edelcrantz, and that long after her refusal of him, her health and spirits plainly suffered, for all her efforts at concealment. She could not bring herself to leave the father who loved her so tenderly, and was so dependent on her for companionship, to deprive her young step-brothers and step-sisters of the care they needed. Like the modern woman who writes, Maria Edgeworth had a "mission"; but perhaps it was not precisely of the kind now popular.

## RELIGION AND MANLINESS.

"The Manliness of Christ." By Thomas Hughes, Q.C.  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

WE have read this latest book by the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" with exceeding interest and admiration. It is but a small and unpretentious volume; but alike from a literary, a theological, and a moral point of view it is more worth our while to read and ponder over than are nine out of ten of even the better books which come to us under the guise of moral and theological treatises or discourses. In part, of course, it is not wholly new to the world. "The Manliness of Christ" was originally published in 1879, but it has been for long out of print; and now that a second edition appears, it is enriched by four addresses, delivered between the years 1879 and 1894, one of them to the boys at Clifton College, three of them to the boys at Rugby. In this volume, of which they form a fair third, they are for the first time brought together and given to the public at large.

The title of the book is at once arresting, and suggestive of that school of religious teaching of which Dr. Arnold and Frederick Denison Maurice may be regarded in some real sense as the founders. In many ways no two men could have been more unlike than Arnold and Maurice: unlike in their characters and in their method of regarding and dealing with the problems of Christianity, of the Christian Church in its relation to the world, the former has told upon men mainly through his personal influence on his immediate pupils, the latter through his professedly theological writings. Yet both were at one in this, and because of it the effect of their influence has been in the same direction—both were profoundly inspired with the truth that religion must enter and permeate men's lives here in this actual world in all the interests of it; and that the secret of life alike for the individual and for nations was to be found in Christ alone, the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the Creator and Life of all things in the universe throughout time and eternity.

This strenuous, practical insistence upon the omnipresence of the living Christ, and His consequent claim over all the concerns of a man's and of the world's daily existence, was a reaction from current Protestant and Catholic teaching alike, in which concernment with the world-to-come and each individual's concernment for his personal salvation had grown more and more to be the central, almost the exclusive, notes of a pure religion, of a truly religious character. Amongst other things, what were thought of as mere natural virtues, courage for example and honesty, and an attention to the physical conditions of social well-being as something imposed upon us immediately by Christ's doctrine and example, had come to be held in but a light esteem by those who made profession of a high spirituality. Against this literally inhuman view of things Arnold and Maurice each in their way raised their voices with the ring of true prophets, and their sound went forth into the land. A disciple of these men, a close friend of one of them, Charles Kingsley perhaps did more than any single individual to make their principles "understood of the people," to make them current with us. But the author of the little book now under notice, he too has played no insignificant part in popularizing this salutary and most Christian revolt against a conception of religion, which in the very essence of it alienated the minds of strong and healthy men through its contradiction of their natural instincts, and its inability to satisfy the questionings roused in them by the actual life and interests they could not help being intimately busied with. All things bear in them, it is said, the seeds of their own decay. Every reaction and revolt, however needed and fine, have about them in the nature of the case something partial, at one point or another they do injustice to that from which they recoil, they tend to extravagance, and require by-and-by themselves to be protested against and complemented. To keep the balance true in matters of religion is as difficult, we had almost written is as impossible, as to keep it true in most things of vital concernment. Certainly it would be no hard task for a man looking out upon the world of to-day, to note there some danger of our

neglecting the claims—paramount these too, it must be remembered—of personal sanctification, and some misunderstanding and despal of those more retired and ascetic virtues, which the saints commend to us. It has been inevitable no doubt this exaggeration of ours, this over-emphasis upon the protest raised half a century ago by Arnold, Maurice, and their immediate disciples against a development of religion too exclusively inward and self-respecting—nay, without knowing it some of us have been driven by circumstances not a little to burlesque their doctrine. And here lies the value of such a book as the present one, that it is not only a corrective of our extravagance, but a corrective administered actually by one still spared to us of that notable company of reformers. If Mr. Hughes' words have about them none of the unreal tone attaching to merely cloistral devotion, if they are essentially manly, and as one may say, of the open air, they are also free from that neglect of the spiritual life, of spiritual realization and fervour, which in turn so easily itself degenerates into unreality, and comes to be for us only another kind of formal, of even canting, tradition.

There is but a single passage in Mr. Hughes' valuable book upon which we feel it impossible not to say a word of criticism before we have done. Tracing the element of Manliness in Christ through the whole story of His life, the writer comes finally to the Passion, and notes that here to a certain order of mind there presents itself a stumblingblock. "How, it is asked, can you Christians recognize as perfect man, as the head and representative of humanity, one who showed such signs of physical fear and weakness as Christ, by your own confession, showed in the garden of Gethsemane?" Excellent, so far as it goes, is what Mr. Hughes says in dealing with this objection; yet he fails, as it seems to us, to draw out and emphasize what was the dominant cause of that stupendous Agony. As Cardinal Newman has insisted in one of his most powerful sermons, the cry to be delivered, the bloody sweat—these were signs not of Christ's shrinking from the natural sorrows encompassing, the physical torments threatening Him: they were the signs rather how in that moment, as at the very crisis of His career, He saw Himself, if one may so say, given over into the power of Evil and almost identified with the very Sin which He had come to remove. And so awful was that vision to the All-Holy One, beholding Himself at that instant clothed, as it were, with what was the absolute contradiction of Himself, that His very body was broken up at the contemplation, His whole nature all but overwhelmed. No man has ever undergone that trial, no man *can* ever undergo it. For to see Sin as it is, and to be fully sensitive of its horror, is possible only to the Eternal Holiness.

## LORD DE TABLEY'S NEW POEMS.

"Poems Dramatic and Lyrical." By Lord De Tabley.  
Second series. John Lane.

AS if by a happy irony of fortune, at the very moment when the too fulsome flattery of one another by a group of very youthful versifiers has somewhat scandalized the public, a poet who is pre-eminently a scholar, and who has been winning a place in English literature by slow degrees for thirty years past, comes before us with a new volume of poems. The scholar-poet, the man who approaches the art with humility and dignity, conscious of the phantom-company that steps beside him, is a type that has lately been roughly pushed aside by a boisterous company of improvisators. "Scattering the past about," as Arnold puts it, "comes the new age," and it takes for granted, in the gaiety of its arrogance, that the old is buried. But the worst of these sudden reputations is the suddenness with which the world tires of them if they are based on no more than the freshness of youth and its self-confidence. Taste is not tardy in rejecting them, or in appealing to older masters; and when the reaction comes, there comes with it the turn of those who, like Lord De Tabley, have remained faithful to the great tradition.

In this second series of his "Poems"—a title which is rather misleading, since the author has published rather six series in all than two—Lord De Tabley



reveals no fresh characteristics. He is what most lovers of verse now know him to be, what some of us have known for a quarter of a century. But the strenuous self-criticism which is natural to the temper of his mind has acted in the direction of a concentration of style. His faults in the past—faults which, no doubt, tended to delay recognition of his talent—were a languor in evolution, a too lavish use of imagery, a want of selection and restriction. We have often been conscious in the past that Lord De Tabley knew not when to stop, that he meandered on instead of speeding to the goal and closing. His weakness was, like Atalanta's, to break off in the race to pick up any radiant object rolling at his feet. These faults are not yet eradicated. Still the poet is apt to go on too long. "Orpheus in Hades," a noble study in blank verse, would please us better in twelve pages than in twenty-four; "Hellas and Rome" might say what it has to say in fewer than forty-eight stanzas; but these dallyings are now the exception, not the rule, and Lord De Tabley has never, we think, been so little the victim of diffuseness as he is in this new volume. He is gorgeous, as ever; as ever, he bears lightly a magnificent apparatus of learning and literature; as ever, he is the type of the scholar-poet. In a poem of great beauty, "The Wine of Life," he expressly dwells on what he owes to the presence of the great masters of song, whose shades arise at his side, chiding, yet encouraging:

"On me their burning helms they turn,  
Their eagle banners awe the glen,  
They, rising from each dusty urn,  
Display their giant limbs again.

A broad cup brimmed with mighty red  
These silent years to us assign;  
From old Falernian vineyards shed,  
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

Old Fauns have breathed against the grapes,  
Old-world aromas haunt the bowl;  
Still music of forgotten shapes,  
Dim pathos of a Pagan soul.

There from those dark and glimmering lands,  
From altars wrecked with ivy trail,  
Old Flaccus reaches out his hands,  
And bids the mild barbarian hail."

Among the pieces called "Dramatic"—though these also are essentially lyric—that entitled "Circe" appears to us to be the finest. It is an attempt to reproduce, in the form of a rhymed irregular ode of richly varied cadences, the charm of the enchanted dwelling of the sorceress. A quotation from this sumptuous and glowing poem can but be injurious to its effect, yet we venture on a single strophe:

"Beneath the altar-floors  
The poisoned adder waits;  
Behind the agate doors,  
And round the burnished gates,  
The mighty pythons coil;  
And toads unsanctified  
The precinct pavement soil,  
And in the garlands hide.

The altar burns; in rubied cup divine,  
From perfumed chalice shed,  
Pour out the glow of thy enchanted wine,  
Wine for the lovers, who have loved thee dear,  
And come to wed:

A cup of consolation, deep and clear;  
They need no second tasting: they are dead."

"Orpheus in Hades" is a study in blank verse of great subtlety. In his use of this form—of all the one most easy to be mediocre and the most difficult to employ with mastery—Lord De Tabley leans more to the manner of Marlowe than to that of Milton, or to either of the three principal post-Miltonic canons, those of Thomson, of Wordsworth, and of Tennyson. As Mr. Robert Bridges has pointed out, the danger of the Marlowe verse is that it is apt to become monotonous, and it was doubtless to avoid this uniformity that Milton introduced those extraordinary variations of stress, elision, and caesura which make "Paradise Lost" such a portent of elaborate art. We have no space to quote, but we indicate pages 21, 22 of this volume to all who are interested in the technical study of metre, as admirable

examples of a blank verse little resembling recent experiments in this form. "The Death of Phaethon" has similar qualities, but we confess to finding it more languid than the best parts of "Orpheus in Hades."

Lord De Tabley, for all his classic predilections, is a close observer of nature and an accurate naturalist. He sees "the zoned orchis like a purple bee," the night-jar in its silent flight, "the orange sea-wrack with its necklace fruit," the "rusty" blackbirds, the crude grass, that shoots up in timothies and ox-eyes, the nuthatch like a mouse in the tree; he has watched the "wave-worn wheatear" come shorewards in wild March weather, and, exulting in the observation, forgets that he has employed the phrase in an earlier poem (compare pages 83 and 115). His natural pictures may be trusted, for they are taken not from books but from the eye. Sometimes the touches of landscape have an extraordinary delicacy, a quality of the Japanese:

"Bright levels of the wandering wave  
Behind the russet sails,  
How soon your burnish fails:  
Soon die the damask-amber glows,  
Isled on a galaxy of rose,  
In splendid veils."

Still, as in past years, we tremble for Lord Dr. Tabley when he exchanges that stately and magnificent diction of his for the familiar. He is rarely happy in his attempts to seize the homely or rustic tone. The lyric, here, called "A Serenade," would be perfect were it not for the one word "lass" in the final stanza, which jars on the ear, with a sense of the inappropriate. The Muse of this writer should never quit her trailing robes of cloth of gold. We part with reluctance from a volume which is not qualified to win popularity, but which cannot fail to increase, among the true lovers of literature, the fame of its distinguished author.

#### ARISTOTLE'S "POETICS."

"Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art with a Critical Text and a Translation of the Poetics."  
By S. H. Butcher, Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. London: Macmillan. 1895.

IT would perhaps be safe to say that never was there written a treatise—certainly never one of such moderate dimensions—which exercised on the world of thought an influence at all comparable to that of Aristotle's "Poetics." Lessing owned that he held it to be as infallible as the Elements of Euclid. At one time it came near to sharing with Holy Writ the possession of verbal inspiration. We are not aware that Scripture was ever actually discredited on the ground of an incompatibility with the "Poetics," but, conversely, Dacier indignantly set aside an alleged discrepancy between the two by a *reductio ad absurdum*: "as if the Holy Scripture could ever be contrary to the sentiments of Nature on which Aristotle founded his judgments!" The treatise has suffered from the idolatry of which it was the object. Critics have read into it modern theories, in defiance of a sane interpretation of the text. They have attempted to show that Aristotle deduced his principles of fine art from the idea of the beautiful—a theory of modern æsthetics not to be found in, or inferred from, the "Poetics." Again, his words have been strained beyond all endurance to secure his authority for a prevailing theory or crotchet. The French critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, holding that tragedy should represent the life of princes, while comedy served to depict the actions of the people, sought to force on the word *σπουδαῖοι* the impossible meaning of "persons of high rank," because Aristotle insists that the heroes of tragedy should be *σπουδαῖοι* or "persons of a high type though not perfect." Even Goethe, though he fully appreciated the fact that the views of Aristotle about the drama are likely to be misapprehended by modern critics who have little or no knowledge of his general philosophy, himself, in his interpretation of the *κἀδαρσις*, which constitutes the chief difficulty of Aristotle's well-known definition of tragedy, goes so far in wresting the Greek to suit his own theory, that he makes *εἶδη* in the definition mean the characters in the play and *μῦθον* their parts.

Though the treatise has achieved such a world-wide fame, it has not been generally "understood of the people." We do not speak, of course, of its real difficulties which are so great that they require a combination of intellectual gifts and acquirements not much less than the present editor possesses, even to attempt their solution. But manifest errors have prevailed, and still prevail. It is believed that Aristotle insisted on the three Unities of Action, Time, and Place. Professor Butcher has shown clearly that the first only, which is generally neglected by the moderns, is regarded as imperative by Aristotle; while the Unity of Time is at most a counsel of perfection, and may be neglected, as it is by Æschylus in the "Agamemnon" and the "Eumenides," by Sophocles in the "Trachiniae," and by Euripides in the "Suppliants." The Unity of Place is not even hinted at in the "Poetics." Again, Sophocles—we constantly read—observed that he represented men as they ought to be, Euripides as they are. But how could a drama be constructed with all the characters morally perfect? Indeed, Aristotle in this very treatise rejects the *ἐπιεικής* or perfectly blameless man as a tragic hero on the ground that the contemplation of wholly unmerited suffering does not excite the requisite pity and fear in the spectator, but is merely shocking (*μυρρόν*). What Sophocles said was that he represented his characters as the laws of Art demanded, while Euripides took his men and women from actual life with the personal idiosyncrasies and trivial features of everyday reality. Accordingly, no literary project could have been more timely, or more truly a *desideratum*, than that of Professor Butcher. And it would be hard to picture to the mind an editor more fit for the task. His learning both in the ancient and in the modern literature of his subject is apparently wellnigh unlimited, but he moves lightly under it. We do not say that either the treatise itself or the essay in eleven chapters commenting on it can be read with one's feet on the fender; but we affirm with confidence that he has done for his subject all that a very acute intelligence and a rarely brilliant style could effect in the way of elucidation. The translation is perfect. That is, it could not be better constructed in order to give exactly the translator's view of the meaning, and it is in itself a fine piece of literature, finer—we do not hesitate to say—than the Greek, since it is the work of one who has before him an æsthetic vocabulary not devised, and æsthetic problems not raised, in the time of Aristotle, whose style is not his strong point, marvellous as is his combination of scientific grasp with delicate feeling for literature. The wine of Aristotle's thought was too strong for the bottles which the language of his time could supply. Of course there are places where different views may be taken as to the exact meaning of a word or phrase, the more by reason of the honesty of the version which always commits the translator to a definite theory.

The course which the editor has taken in giving a translation facing the Greek text and critical footnotes, but no explanatory commentary, is original and has much to commend it. For a commentary the student must betake himself to the chapters (pp. 107-378) which deal with the theory of Poetry and Fine Art in the form of an essay, part of which appeared in a former work of Professor Butcher's, "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius." In the essay not a difficulty of interpretation is left without full and luminous treatment, and it will be a wholesome discipline for students, who of late have been perhaps too much spoon-fed by editors, to seek the explanation in it rather than in a running commentary adjusted to each individual sentence.

The critical materials for the construction of the text are broadly (1) A<sup>c</sup>, the Parisian MS. of the eleventh century, supposed to be the archetype from which, directly or indirectly, all our extant MSS. are derived; (2) Apogr., which means one or more of the MSS. other than A<sup>c</sup>; (3) Arabs, an Arabic version of the "Poetics," independent of the extant MSS. and belonging to the tenth century. The quotations from this last are from the literal Latin translation of it given in Margoliouth's "Analecta Orientalia." It is extremely valuable as affording our earliest evidence for the text, and corresponds in the criticism of the "Poetics" very much to the celebrated *r* or "Vetus Interpretatio" of William de Moerbeke, which in the stormy discussions concerning

the data for the text of the "Politics" constitutes the "whirlwind's heart of peace." Professor Butcher rarely rejects the tradition of Arabs, and we heartily share his confidence in it. We think he might have read *διαφθεῖσθαι* for *διαφείσθαι*, as Margoliouth suggests, in 1451 a 34 on the faith of its *corrumpatur*. We have noticed only one place where Arabs is clearly wrong, namely, 1460 a 2, where his *si quis nesciret* shows that he misread *ἐν γνῶναι* for *ἐν μνῆσιν*, which is clearly right.

Of his own conjectures we regard *ἐν μέτρῳ* (or rather *ἐν ἐν μέτρῳ*, suggested in the note, but not printed in the text) as a certain correction of *ἐν μέτρῳ* in 1459 a 17; his insertion of *ὅν* after *ἀνθρώπων* in 1460 a 35 is a great improvement; and in 1461 a 28 *ἔνα* added by him is far more likely to have dropped out than the words which previous editors have proposed to introduce. We think his *κρίνεται εἶναι ἡ καὶ* in 1449 a 8 is the most likely correction of the corrupt MS. reading, and deserved to be admitted by him into the text. We would further suggest *τὰ θέατρα* or *θέατρα* for *τα θέατρα* in the same sentence. In 1455 a 13 Prof. Butcher rightly accepts Bursian's *τοῦ θεάτρου* for *τοῦ θεάτρου* of the Codices. Making a similar change here, the more natural question raised will be, whether tragedy should be judged in itself (*καθ' αὐτὸν*) or relatively to other kindred topics (*πρὸς θέατρα*); "relatively to the stage" (*πρὸς τὰ θέατρα*) seems unlikely, for how could tragedy be discussed altogether apart from the stage? At all events the MS. reading receives no countenance from the context, and *τὰ θέατρα* is not the most natural Greek for "the stage." In 1451 a 9 we should perhaps preserve *φάσω* of the MSS. against Schmidt's *εὐδοκίαν*, which is not really supported by the *sicut dicere solemus* of Arabs, while *φάσω* is. For the absolute *φάσω* = *on dit*, compare a similar use of *βούλομαι* in 1456 a 20. In 1454 a 52 we would insert *ἀνδρὶ* after *ἀνδρείων*. In 1453 a 34 Prof. Butcher gives in his text the *θεάτρων* of A<sup>c</sup>, but translates "spectators" (so again on p. 283) as if he had intended to read, as he certainly should have done, the *θεατῶν* of apogr. For another brilliant instance of a case in which apogr. preserves the right reading against A<sup>c</sup> and Arabs, see 1462 a 7, where apogr. alone gives the certain *διδόντα*, against the *διδόντα* of A<sup>c</sup>. But space will not permit us to deal further with the very interesting critical notes of this edition.

If we were to begin to give examples of delicately perfect renderings, such as: "So, too, the poet in representing men quick or slow to anger, or with other defects of character, *should preserve the type and yet ennoble it*" (*τοιούτους ὄντας ἐπιεικῆς ποιῆναι*), we should fill pages of this Review. We would venture to suggest "disappointing" rather than "far from the expectation" for *παρὰ τὴν ἐπιδοκίαν* on p. 63, and "grandeur and its opposite" for "the heightening or extenuating of facts" on p. 65. Again, *εὐθὺς*, omitted (p. 19), should be rendered "to go no further;" and on p. 51 perhaps the meaning is rather, "This rule is relative to each class" than "This rule applies to persons of every class." Nor can we dwell on the pregnant truths which meet us everywhere both in the treatise and the essay, and which are admirably relevant to the criticism of modern as well as of ancient poetry. That a poem does not necessarily imply a metrical form is a proposition affirmed in the "Poetics," but sometimes denied today. And the same may be said of the more profound remark on p. 91, that the plea that it is actually true and has really happened is no justification for an inartistic narrative: "the poet should prefer probable impossibilities to improbable possibilities." "Don Quixote" and "Gulliver's Travels" are artistic, "Quilp" and Rudyard Kipling's "Badalia Herodsfoot" are only shocking (*μυρρά*). The true reason of the failure of plays like "Manfred" may be found on page 25. Mr. Swinburne, as well as Shelley, might take a hint (we would not venture to say so were it not that the hint conveys a compliment) from "character and thought are merely obscured by a diction that is over-brilliant," page 91; and on page 76 we have a not inappropriate motto for the title-page of Robert Browning's poems in *ἐκ τῶν γλωττῶν βαρβαρισμός*, which is rendered, "a diction made up of rare or strange terms is a jargon." We admire especially the discussion on the meaning of *κάθαρσις* and on the "Ideal Tragic Hero"; but the treatise is full of profoundly interesting and instructive criticisms and comments on both ancient and modern literature. We can only declare



our conviction that even a little study of this work will show the reader that we were not wrong in dwelling on the rare combination of qualities requisite in its editor, nor in attributing that combination to the scholar who now, after an interval of just a hundred years, gives to Great Britain a critical edition of the "Poetics," well worthy of the great Universities with which he has been and is so intimately connected.

#### MR. GARDINER ON THE COMMONWEALTH.

"A History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660." Vol. I. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans & Co. 1894.

STILL pressing forward with the heavy task which he has set before himself, Mr. Gardiner has now carried his history of England in the seventeenth century as far as the year 1651. The present volume tells the stirring tale of Drogheda and Wexford, of Dunbar, and of the "Crowning Mercy" of Worcester. It contains also many a weary page concerning the arguments of the Levellers, the insufferably dull political tracts of Milton, and the interminable negotiations of Charles II. with the Scots. The author, as we know of old, has an equal zeal for arriving at complete and perfect knowledge of things interesting and things uninteresting: and in pursuit of the truth will hew his way through any wilderness of party pamphlets, lying news-letters, or official papers. It is this uncompromising determination to be accurate at all costs that gives us our implicit confidence in the honesty and trustworthiness of Mr. Gardiner's history, and that at the same time makes it one of the hardest of books to read through in continuous sittings. The photographic accuracy of the whole record often leaves things of small note in too high relief. We would gladly secure a few more pages on the battle of Dunbar, at the sacrifice of double the amount of matter dealing with the bargaining of Charles II. with the "Committee of Estates" and the "Commission of the General Assembly." The details of the wranglings of these two wrong-headed bodies with the shifty young King fill the reader's heart with despair. In a similar way we would gladly exchange a good many paragraphs on the writings of that exuberant pamphleteer, John Lilburne, for some further information concerning the escape of Charles II. after the fight at Worcester.

It is fair to say that the same minute care which seems thrown away when it is spent on tracing out the doings of Colonel Ker or Lord Loudoun, Marchmont Needham or Archibald Strachan, is of incalculable value when it is set to investigate matters of real interest. The ancient controversy about the exact measure of the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford may be taken as finally settled by Mr. Gardiner's inquiries. Apologists of Cromwell will no longer venture to deny that at the capture of the former place there was much deliberate slaughter in cold blood, more than twelve hours after all fighting had ceased. It would be comparatively easy to pardon the killing of Ashton and his soldiers on the Mill Mount; they had laid down their arms, but the enemy was still in the first heat of battle and was but exercising the cruel laws of war which prevailed all over Europe in the seventeenth century. But there were other cases, such as those of Boyle, Warren, and Sir Edmund Verney, where men who had been admitted to quarter were sought out and slain the day after the battle. "Verney was enticed from the very presence of Cromwell by a certain Roper, who then ran him through with a tuck." The General made no complaint of Roper's doings: he himself was personally responsible for the burning of St. Peter's steeple and the fifty men who garrisoned it, when they refused to yield without being given promise of life. It is only fair to add that at Drogheda few, if any, civilians were slain. On this point Mr. Gardiner gives conclusive evidence when he quotes the sermon preached by Doctor Bernard, a minister of the place and a staunch Royalist, who, speaking to his fellow-townsmen, says that "your goods were made a spoil, and your lives were in danger, but by a special providence of God were preserved." Probably Cromwell was telling the truth when he alleged that "not one man not in arms was massacred or destroyed since my coming into Ire-

land concerning whose massacre or destruction justice hath not been done or attempted to be done."

At Wexford many of the townsfolk were slain, but they had taken arms and were fighting in the streets. Some scores of women perished also, but, as all the trustworthy authorities bear witness, they were drowned by the upsetting of overcrowded boats in the harbour, not shot by the soldiery.

The real case against Cromwell on the slaughters at Drogheda and Wexford is succinctly stated by Mr. Gardiner on p. 140:

"The modern critics who argue that Cromwell merely put in force the laws of war, as exercised by Tilly and others, forget that the question is whether he did more in Ireland than he himself was wont to do in England. There, except at the storm of Basing House, he had been uniformly merciful. He now treated Irishmen worse than he treated Englishmen. Moreover, there is the question of his having allowed prisoners, who had already been admitted to quarter, to be slain. This was contrary to the military practice of the day."

It might have been added that Ashton, Verney, and at least half the slaughtered garrison of Drogheda, were not Irish, but English soldiers of Ormond's army. To speak, therefore, of their massacre as being in any way a revenge for the atrocities of the Ulster rebels of 1641 is absurd. As Mr. Gardiner himself remarks, "It is in the highest degree unlikely that any single man among the defenders of Drogheda had had a hand in the Ulster massacres."

Among the domestic events covered by the years 1649-51, one of the most curious is the Communistic manifesto of the "True Levellers" or "Diggers," and their attempt to plough up common lands as a protest against the institution of private ownership of the soil. "Break in pieces quickly," said their leader Everard, "the band of particular property; disown this oppressing murder and thievery of buying and selling of land, of owning of landlords and paying of rents, and make the earth a common treasury . . . that all men may enjoy the benefit of their creation." This language has a very modern sound, and still more so has Everard's prophecy that "ere long all men would surrender their property and live in community, contenting themselves with good housing, food and raiment, and eschewing the wicked device of money," a scheme which should convince even the author of "Looking Backward" that nothing is new under the sun.

The general reader who picks his way through this conscientious and admirably accurate volume will find a score of similar side-lights on history well worth his notice. The student will read the book from cover to cover, and rejoice that two years more have been added to the period of which we have definite and full knowledge through the indefatigable researches of Mr. Gardiner.

#### THE COMPLETION OF WATTS' DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.

"Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry." Revised and entirely re-written by M. M. Pattison Muir and H. Forster Morley. Vol. IV. With Agenda. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

WITH the appearance of this volume we hail the completion of one of the most valuable and exhaustive chemical treatises that this or any other country has produced. To the practical chemist, whether teacher or technologist, Watts' Dictionary is simply indispensable. The present edition may not be so readable as its predecessor, by reason of the great condensation and somewhat intricate system of abbreviation which the authors have been forced to adopt. On the other hand, it has gained enormously in completeness and portability, and hence in usefulness as a work of reference. The greater part of this volume is, as might be supposed, concerned with Organic Chemistry, and the lion's share, therefore, in the work of compilation and arrangement has fallen to Dr. Morley. The portion relating to Inorganic and Physical Chemistry has been undertaken by Mr. Pattison Muir in conjunction with a number of well-known chemists, all of them recognized authorities on the subjects with which their names are associated.

Thus Professor Svante Arrhenius, of Stockholm, who has done so much to extend our present conceptions of the real nature of Solution, contributes the first portion of a monograph on that subject, and he is followed by Mr. Pickering, who is mainly concerned to show that his own work establishes another view of the matter. Dr. Capstick furnishes excellent digests of the present state of knowledge respecting the Capillarity and Viscosity of Liquids. Professor Hartley gives an account of the relations of Spectroscopy to Chemistry, whilst Professor Thorpe contributes a concise account of the work which has been done on the Molecular or Specific Volumes of Solids and Liquids. Lastly, Professor Ostwald of Leipzig furnishes a characteristic *résumé* of the state of our knowledge concerning the application of Electrical Methods to Chemistry. It will thus be seen that the relations of physics to chemistry are fully and properly dealt with.

The editors have been equally fortunate in securing the co-operation of well-known workers in other fields of chemical investigation. Professor Halliburton contributes the article on Proteids, confessedly one of the complicated organic groups with which the physiological chemist is concerned, and Professor Letts writes on Phosphines, a subject which his own experimental work has done much to elucidate. The Chemistry of Photography receives adequate treatment from Professor Meldola, and other noteworthy articles are on Terpenes by Professor Tilden, and on Starch and Sugars by Mr. O'Sullivan.

Although the editors have evidently been at great pains to bring their work up to date, it was inevitable, considering the size of the volume and the conditions under which it had to be produced, that some errors and omissions should creep in, and that the most recent work would escape recognition. In the case of Inorganic Chemistry, this to some extent has been met by a series of short notes or addenda by Mr. Pattison Muir. In the case of Organic Chemistry this would have been practically impossible. This section of chemical science is progressing with such rapidity that the necessary supplementary matter would probably occupy a volume as big as any in the series. It is one of the drawbacks to a work of this character that it so rapidly gets out of date. It was the fate of its predecessor, and a like fate will certainly overtake the present edition. We can only hope that its sale may be so rapid as to induce both editors and publishers to keep it constantly revised, and thus render it, as it well deserves to be called, the "Constant Companion" of the chemical worker.

#### FICTION.

"The Minor Chord: a Story of a Prima Donna." By J. Mitchell Chapple. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

THE heroine of this very doleful tale tells us, in her first paragraph, that "amid the glare of the foot-lights and the plaudits of audiences" she is lonely and that her life is a minor chord. Doubtless the world, in one way or another, has used her badly, but scarce badly enough, we think, to justify her in taking the deadly revenge of thrusting upon it this wearisome book. "Poor Minza," as she calls herself, adding most truly "how strange that name sounds," really has nothing to tell that anybody wants to know. The lives of all of us are interesting to ourselves, but unless we can manage to make them interesting to other people we should restrain ourselves in the matter of printers' ink. Minza's husband seems to have felt as we do about her, for, after bearing with her artistic temperament as long as he could, he took to ballooning, went up in one of his own balloons, and was never heard of again. Minza thinks he must have been mad, but it seems to us that his dramatic disappearance is itself the most conclusive proof of his perfect sanity; and the strange letters which he wrote her before his flight, which she thinks were inspired by mania, were really, we feel sure, dictated by cunning. He knew that no law could compel him to conjugally retribute beyond the clouds. After he had gone above she met a person named Howard who, singular to say, wanted to marry her. She made her acceptance of him depend on the

last chord of a song which some one had written and dedicated to her. "If its last chord trembles with the plaintive minor," says she, "my life must continue as it is." A girl named Helen struck the chord, but Minza has not thought it worth while to tell us what it was.

"Paths that Cross." By Mark Trehern. London: Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d. 1894.

Mr. Trehern appears to have written a good half of his book before it occurred to him that something of the nature of a plot was usually looked for by the ordinary novel reader, and that that long-suffering person is apt to lose patience over domestic trivialities and descriptions of young ladies' gowns. So he brings along a designing but beautiful widow, engages her to his hero—a hero who speaks of Shakespeare as "our immortal bard"—and then introduces a Yankee to confound her knavish tricks and prove her to be a husband-poisoner who has narrowly escaped getting her deserts. He also thinks that a lost will is something of an exciting novelty, and so that, with a fit of delirium tremens and a house on fire, is again made to do its accustomed duty.

"Raymond's Folly, or Every Man the Architect of his own Future." By E. St. John Leigh. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

Raymond began badly by being unfaithful to Olive, his *fiancée*. There were excuses for the young man, for Olive was a painfully pious young person, who never lost an opportunity of saying a word in season. The walls of her room were nearly covered with pictures and illuminated texts. "Come unto Me" adorned the fireplace, and "Take My yoke upon you" hung over the bed. It was Olive's father's fault mainly, for when he was dying and his "breath was getting very short," he gasped out "Help her—that she may live with a Christian family," and the doctor promptly replied that she should live with his mother. But still nothing could excuse Raymond for going away and living with another man's wife, and even the wrong he did the other man scarcely excused the latter for stealing a cheque for £15,000, signed with the singular name of Yaptab, and allowing suspicion to fall upon Raymond. Such, alas, was the case, and Raymond ended as badly as he began. He lost his wife, who made a most edifying end—he lost the other person—and he lost Olive, who married his brother. The book most appropriately ends with a text of Scripture.

"The Wonderful Wapentake." By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. London: John Lane. 1895.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher is one of that very numerous class of writers for whom Mr. Thomas Hardy and the late Richard Jefferies are jointly and severally responsible. It is a heavy responsibility, but perhaps less heavy in the case of Mr. Fletcher than in that of most of his fellow word-painters and delineators of rustic character. Mr. Fletcher word-paints quite nicely, and his rural persons do not bore beyond bearing. The brief papers which make up this volume have already served a useful purpose in the columns of two daily contemporaries, and as fugitive journalism they are well enough, but we can find no one of them worthy of reproduction in a permanent form. Between journalism and literature there is a great gulf fixed, and Mr. Fletcher has not succeeded in spanning it.

"Ballybeg Junction; an Episode." By F. M. Allen. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

Here is a series of incidents of Irish life sketched in Mr. Allen's lightest vein. There is just a little love and a great deal of rollicking fun. The fun is, most of it, at the expense of the hated Saxon, but the stoutest Unionist of us all need not fear offence, for it is all good-humoured enough, and the English victim of Celtic practical joking suffers nothing worse than a fright. A new secretary is sent from England to take charge of a little line of railway from whose management a "patriot" had been tyrannically removed. The clerks and other employees of the company determine to give him a reception that shall put him out of conceit with his office. And so the poor little man is hustled and bustled about in the most approved manner and finally made drunk with whisky punch and sent back to Dublin in a



luggage van more dead than alive. The story is funny rather than humorous, and it has none of the clever character-drawing and convincing realism which distinguished the author's "Merchant of Killogue." A slight love-interest is woven into the plot, but it is so slight as to be hardly perceptible. Those who read and enjoyed "Through Green Glasses" will be likely to spend a pleasant hour or two over "Ballybeg Junction."

"Neighbours of Ours." By Henry W. Nevinston. Bristol and London: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1895.

These stories are told in the first person and in the *patois* of Bethnal Green. They give what is probably a true enough picture of life in the lower—the lowest—ranks of East End London. It is not a pleasant life, nor a cleanly, but it has its dramatic moments, and some of them the author has rendered convincingly. We incline to think that he would have done better to have said his say in his own tongue, for the mere physical labour of translation into low cockney has obviously been wearisome to him, and some of his weariness is communicated to the reader. One might read and enjoy these sketches if one read them at the rate, say, of two a month, but none but the hardened reviewer could endure three hundred pages of this sort of thing and not lose all joy of life.

### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Life and Times of the Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury." By S. H. Jeyes, M.A. Four volumes. Vols. I. and II. London: Virtue & Co., Ltd. 1894.

THESE two volumes are an instalment of a work that is, in a sense, itself an instalment, since the distinguished statesman of which it treats is yet in the vigour of his prime, and happily his career is not a story that has been told. But if Mr. Jeyes is of necessity less the biographer of Lord Salisbury than the historian of the times in which Lord Salisbury's present eminence was achieved, he has invested his narrative with a full measure of biographical interest. The first volume opens with a brief sketch of the statesman's ancestors, the famous Lord Burghley and his son Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury. The second volume brings the history down to the close of the year 1879. The events of the succeeding fifteen years are reserved, therefore, for the latter half of the work, whence we may assume that the Home Rule controversy and Lord Salisbury's share in it will receive ample consideration from Mr. Jeyes. Unlike some annalists of their own times, Mr. Jeyes writes as one who has a sense of the dignity of history and the value of proportion. It is needless to say that he leaves the reader in no doubt as to his own political creed. A writer without political convictions could never have undertaken the present work. But Mr. Jeyes does not obtrude his convictions. When the occasion offers, he knows how to put his conclusions or comments with force and point. He shows an excellent freedom from partisan bitterness and *parti pris* when dealing with such burning subjects as the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or with the history of the acute phases of the Eastern Question that culminated in the Berlin Treaty. Many of the events set forth in these volumes are, we suspect, matters of ancient history (so short is the political memory) to the majority of people who yet were mightily agitated by them when they were actively present as flaming portents of the day. So easily does recent history acquire the dimness of ancient history, we doubt if many persons could pass even an ordinary examination in the political history of the Eastern Question in the year 1876. One of the uses of contemporary history may be said to lie in the alternative, and possibly corrective, virtue it should exercise on the minds of ardent politicians who read newspapers chiefly and of newspaper readers who are all ardent politicians. Decidedly such history, when written with the judicial spirit that Mr. Jeyes observes, might well prove disciplinary as well as instructive to many who are not mere zealots. We may mention, in conclusion, that the "Life and Times of Lord Salisbury" is published by subscription, and is illustrated by well-executed portraits and numerous other engravings.

"A Round Trip in North America." By Lady Theodora Guest. Illustrated by the Author. London: Edward Stanford. 1895.

Lady Theodora Guest's "Round Trip" was a little affair of ten thousand miles, and was completed in exactly six weeks. The ingenious poet, Sir John Davies, who held that the world was so named because it was "whirled" in space, might have found, in the example of the modern traveller, matter for a new conceit of the "whirled." "Travelling in a circle" once implied nothing but a journey of dull iteration. The circle accomplished by Lady Theodora and her party was one of continuous novelty and charm. When we consider the pace, it is surprising that the author should have been able to see so much as she has recorded with pen and pencil in this engaging book of her travels. But the record exemplifies the art of observation quite

as much as the art of swift travelling. Some of the things observed do not fall within the ken of most English travellers in America. There are delightful notes on birds and flowers, for instance, entirely unpretentious in form, and therefore entirely acceptable to lovers of nature. The pleasant colloquial style is one of the charms of the book. At Philadelphia, where the round trip began, the party visited the kennels of the Radnor hounds, to see some hounds they had sent out from England a year before. "Sanguine" knew us perfectly," says Lady Theodora, "though the younger ones could not be expected to do so. They had also a large draught from the Belvoir, and some six or eight couples of the genuine American hounds, to supply music. They are odd-looking beasts, possessed, one should say, of every fault a foxhound can have. No bone, hare feet, much on the leg, but with noses and tongues that cannot be beat." Possibly the American hound has come to be what he is through neglect of breeders, although some writers assert that the degeneracy of the foxhound in America was noted in Virginia more than a century since. From Philadelphia the party went westward to California, visiting Salt Lake city and Colorado Springs on the way, and found the method of travelling so comfortable it was like "going home" to return to their car after some trip up the country. Of the Yo Semite country Lady Theodora Guest gives an animated description, illustrating some of its characteristic scenery in some capital drawings. "The observation" platform, of which she writes, proved an excellent point of view for the artist, when the travelling was smooth, which it appears generally to have been. The sketch of Portland with the distant mountains, and that of Mount Shasta, most shapely and ethereal of American mountains, vividly suggest the magnificent panorama upon which the travellers in the "Wildwood" gazed. The return journey was made through Oregon, northward into Canada, and thence into the States by way of the Hudson River. Altogether, it was a remarkable journey, if only for its illustration of modern resources in the art of voyaging on wheels, and the account of it is well worth reading.

"The Honour of Savelli." By S. Levett Yeats. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

Mr. Yeats proclaims himself an observer of Dumas in this romance, with a reservation as to his originality of treatment. He trusts that he has employed the style and language of a sixteenth-century Italian, and he informs the reader that he had not the chance of studying "A Gentleman of France" when composing his story. We really do not see why Mr. Yeats, or another, should not write a romance independently of Mr. Weyman's example. Dumas is no ill model for the beginner, and one model is better than two. As it happens, Mr. Yeats has produced a creditable piece of work. He has provided his story with a historical setting which is skilfully contrived to serve the legitimate purposes of a romancer. He has avoided the common error of reversing the position of pedestal and statue, or of elaborating the frame at the expense of the canvas. In a word, he concentrates the interest of a stirring record of adventure in the person of his hero, a soldier of fortune, of noble family and short purse, who flourishes in the troublous times of the Borgias. His method, in fact, is thoroughly sound. We shall look with some interest for the appearance of another romance by Mr. Yeats.

"Lady Jean's Vagaries." London: Bentley & Son. 1895.

Lady Jean, the heroine of this anonymous novel, is the rather eccentric yet decidedly attractive sister of a Scottish duke, who is as repellent and churlish as any tyrant elder brother we read of in fiction. The vagaries of the high-spirited Lady Jean do not endure for long, nor do they amount to much. One of her escapades is to fly to France in the garb of a boy, accompanied by a frisky yet elderly handmaiden. Then she marries secretly, without being "cried in church," through the good offices of a "buckle-beggar" (the Scottish equivalent, as near as may be, to the "Fleet" parson), a gallant but impoverished gentleman. For this offence she is indignantly spurned by her noble brother, and when she gives birth to twin sons he not only refuses to recognize his nephews, but injuriously affects to believe they are illegitimate. The story of the unhappy mother's fate, and of her husband's mishaps, is told with unforced pathos, and, though slight in texture, this novel is written with considerable skill, and may justly be termed a book of promise.

"The Wrong of Fate." By Lillias Lobenhoffer. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

The case of Enoch Arden may be variously treated by the novelist. The wife, an unconscious bigamist, may regard Enoch on his reappearance as an awkward and naughty superfluity. He, on the other hand, may behave with gentlemanly consideration, and when she faints will act as a *revenant* should. In the novel before us we have a new version of the matter. The husband is supposed to have died of cholera, and is certainly, though prematurely, buried in a shallow Indian grave. His sorrowing widow, who is left with one child, is married, after a decent interval, to an elderly doctor, and they return to England. The first husband discovers their home, after some few years, and lives near them unsuspected. He plays the part of the village idiot, and plays it, as might be expected, very successfully. When, at length, his wife is dying,

he tells his strange story to her sister-in-law, who is easily persuaded of its truth, and contrives a last meeting between him and the dying woman. The scene is delicately treated. In her delirium she recognizes him, and has forgotten that she had ever lost him. It is a pity that "The Wrong of Fate" should be built up on foundations so absurdly improbable, for it comprises some clever sketches of character, and is, on the whole, effectively set forth.

"A Book of Words." By A. A. S. With Sketches by the Author. London: Constable & Co. 1895.

The writer of this book of verse, recaptured from the pages of *Punch*, *Granta*, the *Globe*, and other journals, is a deft rhymist with some spriteliness of fancy. In rhyme, indeed, he is no mean performer, as is seen in the ingenious "Unfinished Fantasies," and "An Open Letter," and the address, "To Incognita at the Skating Club." In the freakish stanzas on "Eye-Rhymes," by the way, one rhyme is marred by the spelling "shows," which should be "shews," since it eye-rhymes with "news."

"Meditations in Motley." By Walter Blackburn Harte. Boston, Mass.: Arena Publishing Company. 1894.

Mr. Harte's essays are "imbued with the sobriety of midnight," which, whatever the phrase may mean, cannot account for the dull solemnity or solemn dullness that marks them. They deal with Boston Jacobites, "the fascination of New Books," "Critics and Criticism," and other cheerful themes. Mr. Harte thinks that the critics "whose criticisms are of any value" should read one book carefully and then "think about it for a week." That is how he would subdue the patient critic. "The worst of being a professional critic is that you are brought into collision with so many fools every week—in gilt edges, cloth, and paper covers." True, too true, is this saying; but is it of the sobriety of midnight to utter it in print?

"Les Préraphaélites: Notes sur l'art décoratif et la peinture en Angleterre." Par Olivier Georges Destrée. Bruxelles: Dietrich et Cie. 1894.

Although this little book is chiefly addressed to those amateurs on the Continent who may desire to be informed on the subject of Preraphaelite art, it is of interest to Englishmen for two reasons: it shows the increasing admiration with which the Preraphaelites are daily regarded in Belgium, as in France and Holland, by the younger generation; and it suggests a comparison, on account of the delicacy and insight with which it is written, to much that has been published on the same subject in this country; to the hasty criticisms of Mr. Wm. Sharp, to the melodramatic descriptions of Mr. Hall Caine, and to the vagaries of Mrs. Esther Wood. M. Destrée's notes, which are both historical and critical, are interspersed with translations of several poems by Rossetti; and Mr. John Anderson of the British Museum supplies a catalogue of the works of that artist and of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The volume also contains five portraits of the chief Preraphaelite painters, after Mr. Watts.

#### NOTES.

MR. H. S. SALT'S "Selections from Thoreau" (Macmillan & Co.) will satisfy all who hold that volumes of selections should be representative of the entire range of the writer's work. Those who are less whole-hearted than Mr. Salt in their admiration of the author of "Walden" might have preferred a book of selections that revealed a more fastidious literary taste. We must confess to an imperfect sympathy with the flabby sentimentality that inspires the "Plea" for John Brown. While it is not even good "special pleading," its historical falsity is only too conspicuous.

Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father," recently added to Messrs. Macmillan's new series of "Illustrated Standard Novels," is certainly not among the five, or six, novels of Marryat that are of the first rank, nor is it especially characteristic of the writer. Mr. David Hannay, in his judicious introduction, deals with the merits of "Japhet" as an example of the "picaresque novel," and points out that, exceptional as the story is among Marryat's writings, there is in the character of Aramathea Judd the promise of something that would have made the novel exceptional of its kind. But Marryat "drops Aramathea," as Mr. Hannay remarks, "almost as soon as he takes her up," and with her disappears all that could have distinguished "Japhet" from the class of story to which it belongs. To the artist the novel offers excellent opportunities, and Mr. H. M. Brock has cleverly represented its varied character and incident in his spirited illustrations.

Among other new editions we note Mr. Martin J. Sutton's excellent treatise "Permanent and Temporary Pastures" (Simpkin & Co., Ltd.), with descriptions and illustrations of natural grasses and clovers; "Bateman's Law of Auctions," edited by Patrick F. Evans, LL.M. (Sweet & Maxwell), seventh edition; "A Handbook on Welsh Church Defence," by the Bishop of St. Asaph (Macmillan & Co.), third edition; the second volume of Scott's "Poetical Works," selected and edited by Andrew Lang (A. & C. Black); Henry Kingsley's "Silcote of Silcotes" (Ward, Lock & Bowden); and the fifth edition of Dr. T. S. Dowse's "Neurasthenia; Brain and Nerve Exhaustion" (Baillière, Tindall & Cox).

The photographer, now very much abroad, in high places of the earth as in all other places, may be recommended to study Mrs. Main's "Hints on Snow Photography" (Sampson Low & Co.), a little book treating of the recording of winter landscapes by the camera. It is illustrated by good reproductions of striking pictures of Alpine lake, glacier, and mountain, selected from a large collection of photographs by Mrs. Main at present on sale at Messrs. Spooner & Co.'s, in the Strand, for the benefit of the St. Moritz Aid Fund, by which poor invalids may be enabled to spend the winter in the Engadine.

Mr. Richard Dowling's descriptive sketches "While London Sleeps" (Ward & Downey) deal with what a past exemplar of that kind of writing called the night-side of London. Some of Mr. Dowling's papers recall "Our Eye Witness" in Dickens' *All the Year Round*. "In the Markets," "On the Great Water," and "In a Bakery" are good instances. The description of "Work on a Morning Newspaper" is well written. The subjects treated are varied and interesting.

We have also received Messrs. Mitchell & Co.'s "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1895; "The Public Schools' Year-Book" for 1895 (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); "The People's Life of William Ewart Gladstone" (Cassell & Co.), illustrated; "The Art Schools of London, 1895," a descriptive list edited by Tessa Mackenzie (Chapman & Hall); "The Student's Guide to the Bar," by W. W. Rouse Ball, sixth edition, revised by John P. Bate (Macmillan & Co.); "Strange Stories of the Service" (Remington & Co.); "Macaulay's Essays on Pitt and Chatham," edited by A. Hillard (Rivington, Percival & Co.); "A Hero's Armour," by Loris Lane (Bristol: Arrowsmith); "The People's Life of their Queen," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy (Cassell & Co.); "The Life and Adventures of a Penny" (Skeffington & Son); "Sperry Stories" (Gay & Bird); "Trips to Algeria, Holland, &c.," written and illustrated by H. Kilby (Allenson); "Why we Attacked the Empire," by Mrs. Ormiston Chant (Marshall); "Popular Phrenology," by Professor W. Cross (Iliffe); and the "Catalogue of the Lending Library" of the Bishopsgate Institute, compiled by the librarian, Mr. Ronald Heaton.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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